SPY

DECEMBER 1996

Our Top 40 Countdown

SPY's List of the All-Time Most Embarrassing Rock, Rockers and Rockettes

The Smart Move of the 90s: *Backstabbing Is Back!*

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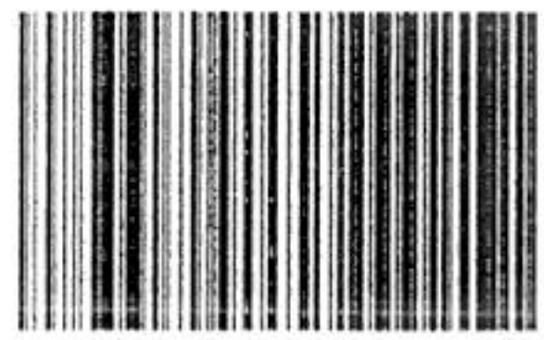
IMAGINE
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(see inside for details)

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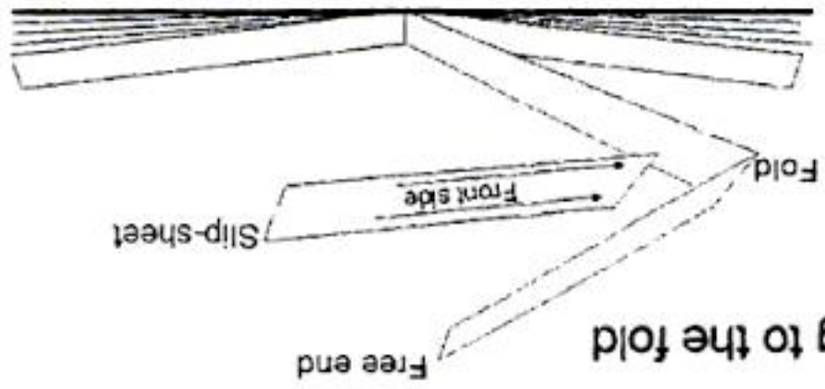
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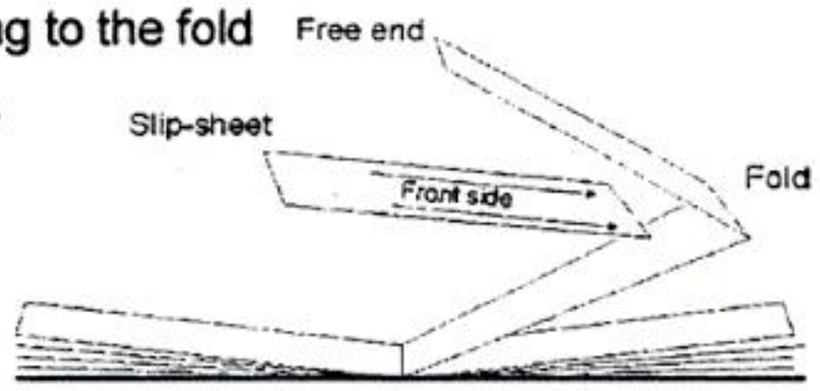
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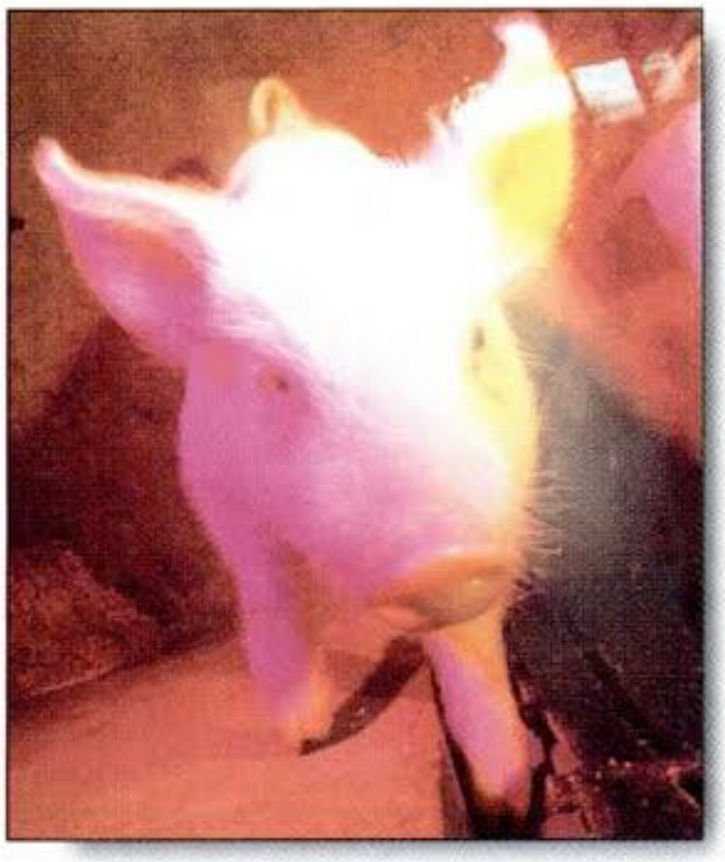
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AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL IS BACK



SPY
November/December 1996
Volume 10, No. 6

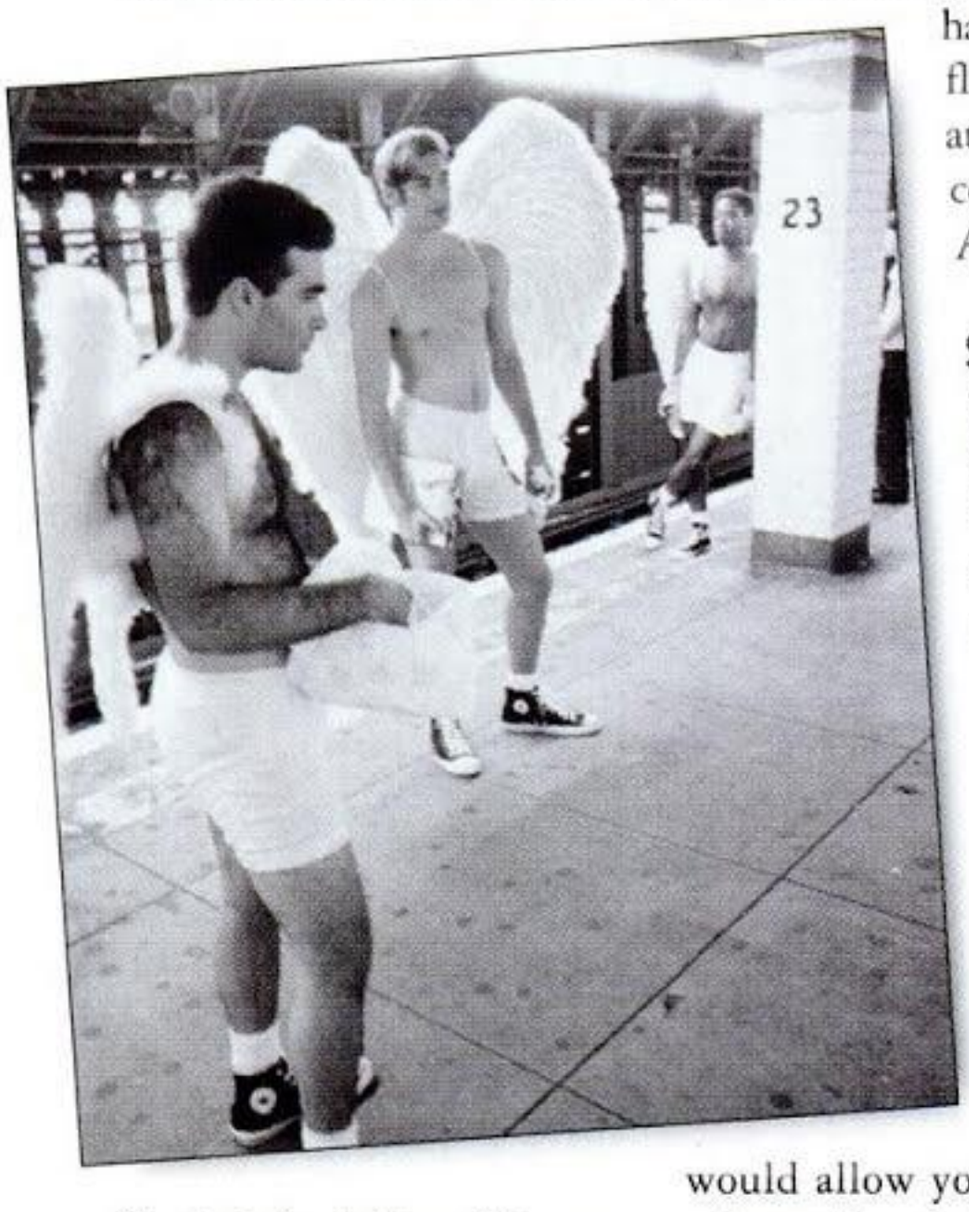


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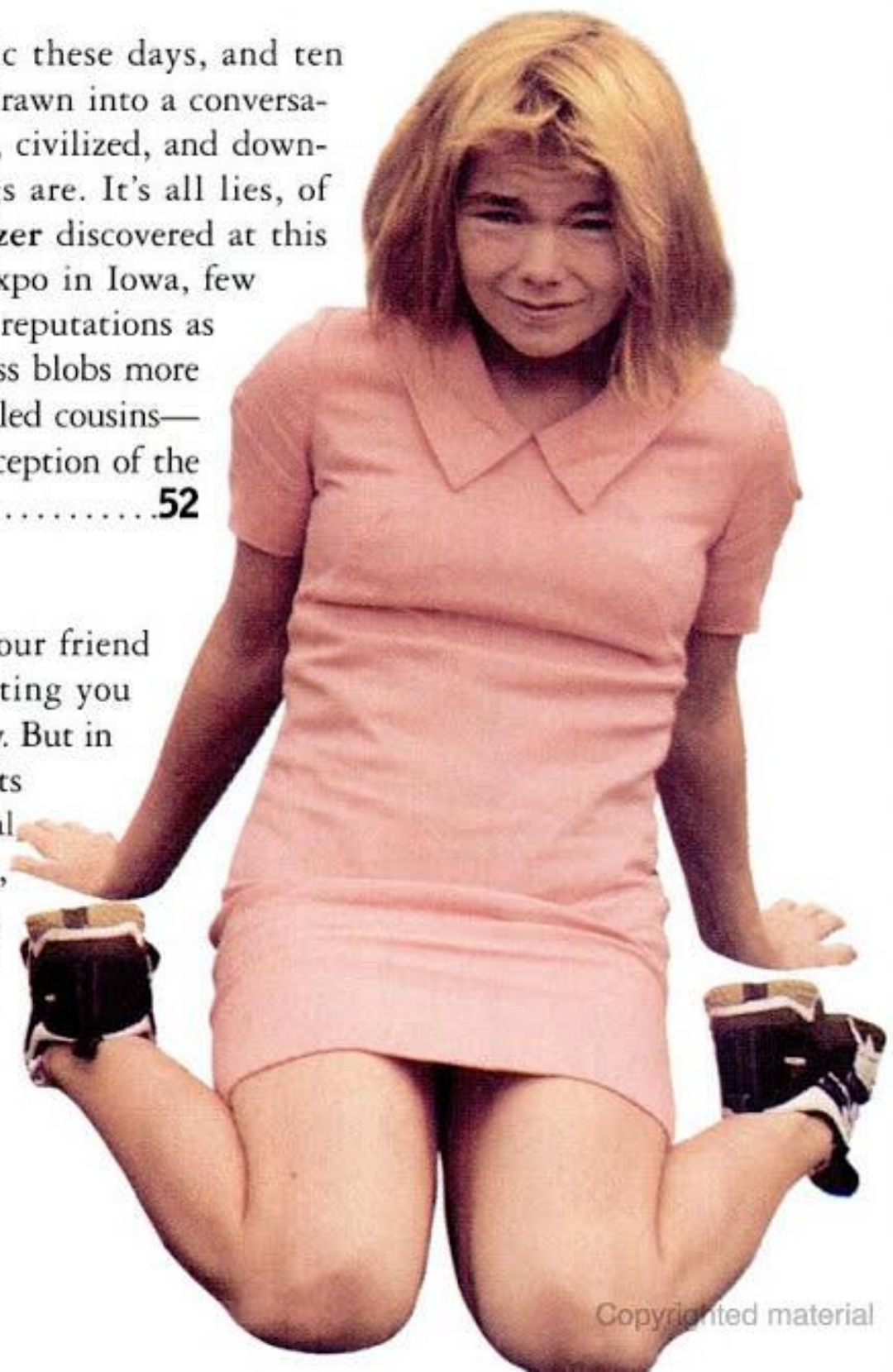
Rock 'n' Roll: The Autopsy
We like picking over dead things here at SPY. We like kicking things when they're down as well, and what could be lower than the corpse of the twentieth century's black-sheep art form, the thing called rock 'n' roll? On the 40th anniversary of the birth of rock, and with its final "Thank you, goodnight" still ringing in his ears, **Bruno Maddox** tearfully catalogs the egregious self-indulgences, 40 of 'em, in fact, that finally "unplugged" rock's life-support system. **32**



Apocalypse? Nah...
Just FYI, the world is about to end. According to SPY's elite phalanx of muttering, sightless prophets, the hard rain's finally going to fall on December 22, 1996. Oceans will boil, mountains will melt into sludge, 50-story-tall deities will stalk the earth handing out doses of woe like they're fliers for a new Big 'n' Tall Man store. For anyone who's been paying attention, though, the Apocalypse has been in the cards for years now; so how come nobody thinks it's really going to happen? SPY sent its crack team of Earth Angels onto the streets of New York to break the bad news. **44**



Swine Fever
Venture out in public these days, and ten bucks says you'll be drawn into a conversation about how clean, civilized, and downright intelligent pigs are. It's all lies, of course. As **Ann Tanzer** discovered at this year's World Pork Expo in Iowa, few things deserve their reputations as feces-snuffling hairless blobs more than do our curly-tailed cousins—with the possible exception of the men who breed them. **52**

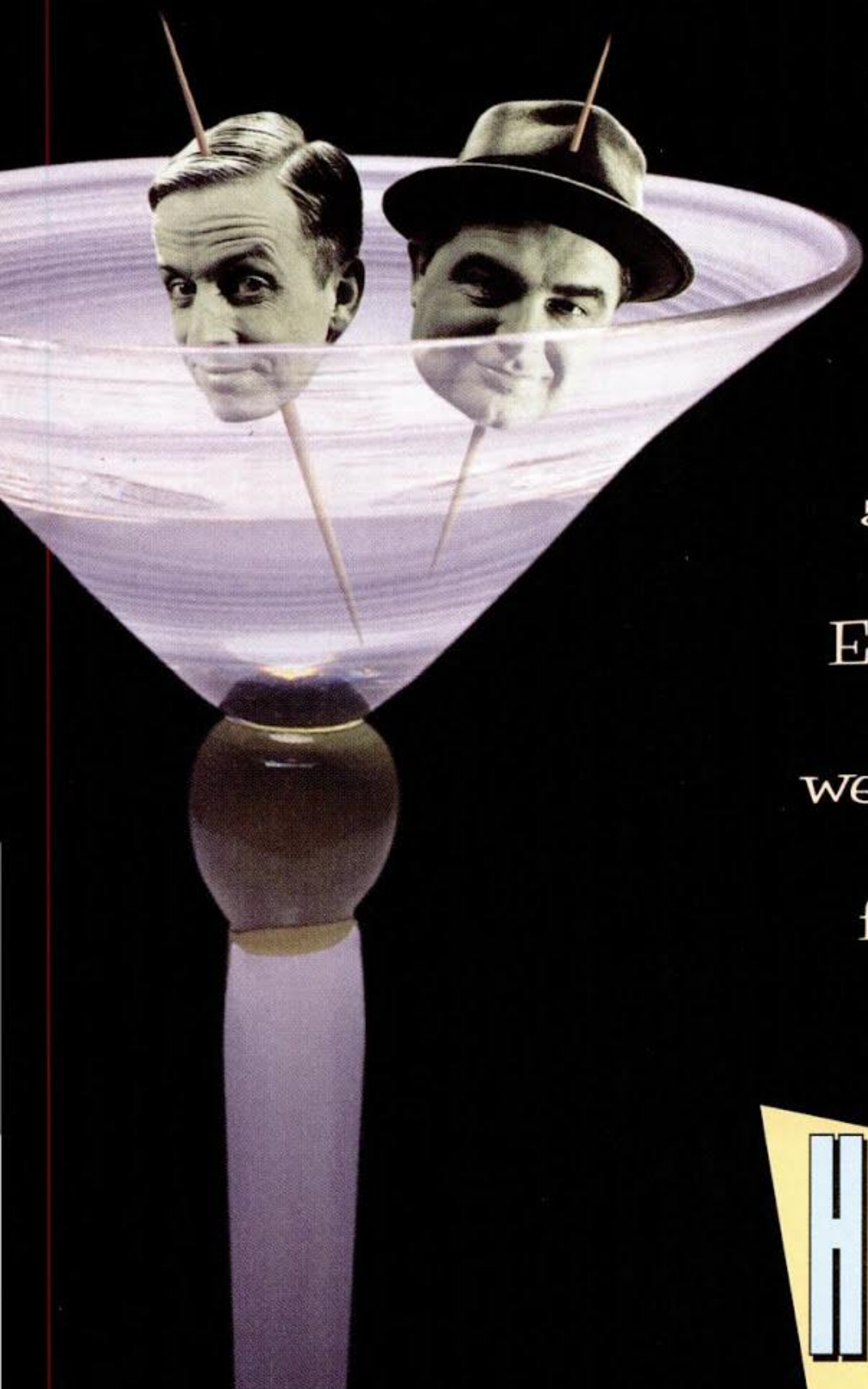


The Loyal Flush
Remember when your friend would allow you to cut in line, granting you "backsies" privileges? It was an exchange founded on the virtue of loyalty. But in this contemporary dog-eat-dog world of ours, where professional sports teams flit from city to city like butterflies scamming pollen, and federal agents give away government secrets for poorly made British automobiles, loyalty's gone down the toilet. And there ain't no such thing as backsies, fool. **Jamie Malanowski** goes to the back of the line. **56**

Models: Laura Williams/Stars; Dean Bruno/FBI;
Hair/Makeup: Michelle Kelling

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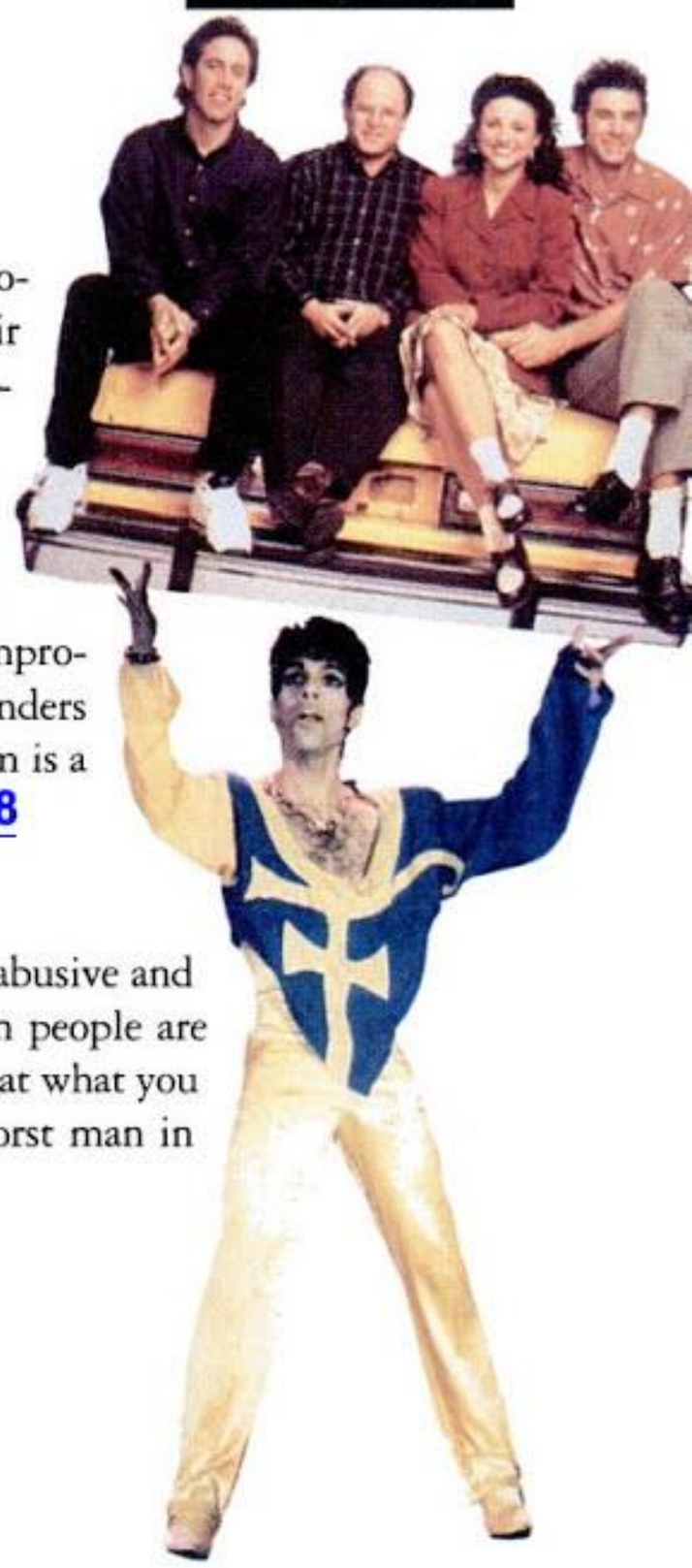
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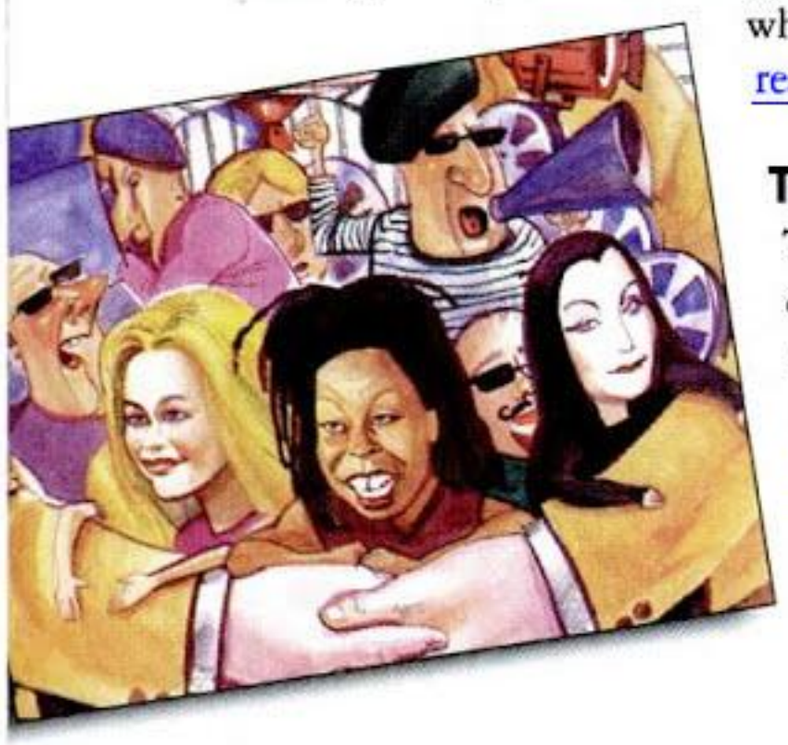


Golden Globe

You think your *mom*'s uptight! Over there in Bosnia and Herzegovina, anyone who mispronounces "happy" or uses the wrong word for "belt" can quickly find themselves with their head on a pole and their testicles swinging trendily around the neck of a cavorting, mustachioed fanatic. **Ian Williams** looks at the war of the words in the former Yugoslavia. . . .**26**

Ethics, Inc.

There's nothing wrong with being fat. Yet Americans sometimes seem as if they'd stick the Devil himself into their mouths if they thought they could lose a few pounds without compromising their junk-food integrity. **Julie Rauer** looks at faux foods such as olestra and wonders whether a liquid stream of "stuff" dribbling out of your bottom is a reasonable price to pay for being thin and sexy.**28**



The Industry

There's nothing wrong with being fat, but if you're fat and abusive and darn near psychotic like movie producer Scott Rudin, then people are eventually going to put two and two together, and realize that what you are is a fat bastard. **Celia Brady** gets to grips with the worst man in Hollywood.**30**

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Naked City

Kurt Waldheim sends a message...to the very edge of space; Elvis Presley's ghost spotted in Joan Rivers's dressing room; Fidel Castro gets "soft and wet" inside that uniform he wears all the time; *Friends* Celebrity Math, Part IV; Larry Mullen, Jr., and Co. set their phasers to "stunning"; Sinister marginalia at the *New York Times*; SPY hunts down the secret, hidden Jews in family-oriented sitcoms; Alanis Morissette spreads like mayo for the American public; Ricki Lake stabs fatties in the back, then giggles at the wobbling knife; "Hey, Jo, where're you going with that uterus in your midsection?"; Trouser Triumphs of the Rockerati; Separated at Birth; Everybody's, like, on acid; and American presidents have penetrative sex with girls like there's no tomorrow.**10**



Party Poop.**66**

SPYnutiae

Where quantum mechanics meets the gooey-eyed worship of drugged-out, melanomic celebrities.**72**

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In this fall's fight between the Elephant and the Donkey, DENNIS MILLER would like to point out the bull.

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From the SPY Mailroom

DO YOU, GENTLE READER, have any idea what a "women's" issue is? If it's anything like a "women's *tissue*" then, here in the mailroom, we may all be in big trouble! Management, you see, has instructed all of us down here (via memo, natch) to try and "get our heads around" these things called "women's issues" in response to a number of politely phrased but obviously steamed-up scraps of paper we've been receiving lately. It's all a bit of a mystery. Some of us actually *are* women, and they're as flummoxed as the rest of us.

"Is it only men who are allowed to write for SPY Magazine," wrote an anonymous reader, presumably *Newsweek* columnist Joe Klein. "Looking at the October 1996 issue, I thought this might be true." Thanks *double*-mucho for the input, Joe! SPY's hacks get called just about everything under the sun these days, with rapier satire going through one of its frequent popularity troughs, but "men" is one we don't get to hear too often.

On a similar "tip," woman Cheryl Cook from Hollywood, Florida, felt we'd been rather ungenerous with one of the highest-ranking double-Xers in the land. "In your guide to celebrities who have partaken in the elimination of life, you left out one of our most illustrious and modern snuffers: that renowned baby-killer, The General, Janet Reno." Good call, Cheryl! Our fact checkers confirm that Reno, as well as using every one of her 74 inches to pin "weak-ass" jump shots against the backboards of the nation's capital every weekend, does indeed spend a not inconsiderable chunk of her precious time sneaking into people's houses and murdering their babies. You'd think the conservative

Another Bloody Puff Piece

Smoke Gets in Your Pie

Seeing pictures of Demi Moore and Madonna smoking proudly to show what raving nonconformists they are ["Smoke and Mirrors," October 1996] just gives me one more thing to despise about them.

Deirdre Reinert
Seattle, Washington

I read your misguided article about cigar smoking in the newest issue. Most of us do not act like aficionados, rating cigars and commenting on the taste and nuances. We just enjoy relaxing with a good smoke. I read *Cigar Aficionado*, but I don't take their cigar ratings as gospel. Last I checked, though, it was okay to dream. What's so wrong with reading about the lifestyles of famous cigar smokers? Anybody (your sorry selves included) would trade places with them in a heartbeat. Unfortunately, you pleasure-challenged morons have nothing better to do than rag on people who have found something they enjoy. So get a life, okay?

Benson Stone
Louisville, Kentucky

Pleasure challenge accepted, Benson! A heartbeat is winging it's way to Louisville by FedEx as we speak. If there's any way you, with your connections, could arrange for us to actually trade places with George Burns for a day, we may have a deal.

Dole-ing for Dollars

Greg Easley's story exposing Bob Dole's Bananarama bill and Gallo giveaways ["Banana Republican," October 1996] was great. It's articles citing specific chicaneries such as those that I like to use when arguing politics with the dim-witted conservatives who infest this state. Righteously indignant pieces skewering high-level crookedness are why I buy SPY.

Rick Buck
Port Charlotte, Florida

SPY is outraged over Bob Dole's 1986 intervention in generation-skipping tax law. Grandparents pay a federal gift tax of 55 percent plus a 55 percent generation-skipping tax. The second tax is deemed to be a gift so that tax is taxed at 55 percent. Therefore, for grandparents to give $100,000 to their grandchildren, they must fork over $240,250, plus any state tax. If SPY wrote tax laws, the country would simply execute rich people and seize their property without the tedious wait for them to die.

Bish52@aol.com

Actually, Bish, SPY did play a significant role in U.S. tax law, historically speaking, but your facts are slightly inaccurate. It was in 1956 that, foreshadowing the popularity of the Internet, we proposed executing computer *and* math geeks, *not rich folk.*

No Roger, No Rerun, No Rouse

Using the invaluable FindText 1.2 program for the Macintosh to search my hard disk, I cannot find any occasion when I used the words, "In the rousing *Braveheart*, Mel Gibson plays William Wallace, a legendary Scots warrior," which you accuse me of using in your deep and thoughtful analysis of the use of the word "rousing" in *Braveheart* criticism ["Is There a Thesaurus in the House?" August 1996]. Of course, the software may be faulty.

However, I did write in a March 1996 Oscar story that Gibson "overcame not only dramatic but technical challenges to make a rousing, moving entertainment."

Searching the complete database of the *Microsoft Cinemania '97* CD-ROM disc, I discover that I have used the word "rousing" six additional times over the past 28 years and used "rabble-rousing" once. In the August issue of your magazine, you employ the word 23 times—15 times more than I have used it in my entire career. You may be rabble, but you're *our* rabble.

Roger Ebert
Chicago, Illinois

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press would make a bigger deal of it, wouldn't you?

To shift, for a second, into a hot 'n' spicy Latin gear, Cheryl's fellow alliterative Floridian Kevin Kelley felt pressed by the exposé of Bob Dole in our last isssue to leap to the defense of another prominent dress wearer. "Carmen Miranda was Brazilian (although born in Portugal)," Kevin announces. "She spoke and sang in Portuguese. The talk bubble affixed to her on page 51 should read: "Nao compreendo, Senhor Dull!" Thanks, as always, for the language lesson, *Senhor Keveen*, but surely the fact that the photograph on page 51 clearly depicts Miranda with a *Spanish* speech bubble floating above her head *proves* beyond the evidentiary standards of any jury in the land that she was capable of speaking more than just Portuguese. You think we spend hours in the darkroom faking these photos? She's only Carmen Miranda, you know, not the Loch Ness Monster.

Wrapping up an otherwise encouraging letter about Bruno Maddox's cigar feature, Cynthia B. McGarvie from San Francisco revealed a bit of a mean streak. "I still love your magazine but try to find someone more worthy of your spite instead of aiming at straw men (and women)." That's uncalled for, Cynthia. If it weren't for the straw woman's daily visits to our cheerful grotto, most of us wouldn't eat, let alone have anything to sleep on.

Until recently, this mailroom's only claim to having a progressive posture on the whole "woman" thing was the presence among our number of a certain senior intern, who claimed to have once spent a Greyhound ride from Akron to Albuquerque at the opposite end of the bus from someone he took to be that colossus of feminism, Andrea Dworkin. She borrowed his razor one morning and returned it clogged with hair. We've come a long way, baby.

State Pen Pals

The reason that Joseph Carl Shaw ordered pizza for his last meal ["Last Meal and Testament," October 1996] is that it has long been a tradition in South Carolina that death-row inmates order pizza, eat one or two slices, and share the rest with the guards. No kidding!

L.C. Watson
WATSONL@den.tec.sc.us

I'm in the need of some pen pals/And this is no lie/I'm a hacker in prison/Who loves to read SPY./Please publish this plea/For you are my hope/And if you can/Send a Soap-on-a-Rope!

Ruben Aceves #740636
Edinburg, Texas

Attention all Texas inmates: Poetry slam at Ruben's cell, noon sharp. Bring your own pizza.

Class Frowns

I thought I was the one anomaly who ever regretted choosing Texas A&M over the University of Texas, but now I know that there are others. Rob Clark's diatribe against A&M ["The Ol' College Spy," October 1996] mimicked my feelings since I graduated in '88. Thanks, SPY, for letting me know I'm not alone.

Tye Biasco
biasco@dp.net

Your list of funny mascot names did not include my alma mater, the Oglethorpe University Stormy Petrels. A stormy petrel is a small feisty sea bird with an oily coat that people impaled on large poles and used as a torch.

Scott Solovay
Atlanta, Georgia

Bulgar Weeps

I imagine I'm your only subscriber in Bulgaria, perhaps in the Balkans. Does that entitle me to a T-shirt or some other such premium?

V. Lynn Baucon
Bulgaria

No, V., but we'll trade you a pair of jeans for a half hour of floor exercises with one of your bendy gymnasts.

I am enclosing my check in the amount of $11.95 to pay for one year's subscription for Christina Afordoany of Ghana ["From the SPY Mailroom," October 1996]. The wording of her letter suggests Ms. Afordoany labored long, trying to get the English right. She was not fair game.

Margaret Hall
Eugene, Oregon

Thanks, Mags. You've inspired us to start the Christina Afordoany Adopt-A-SPY-Reader program. This month: Send a T-shirt to V. the Bulgarian.

Guitarred and Feathered

Further to the article suggesting Fender guitars as the instrument of choice for the march of death ["Spynutiae," October 1996], it should be noted that Eric Clapton was also a member of Derek and the Dominoes. This was the most tragedy-beset band in rock history. Not surprising, perhaps, since the back-cover photo of the *Layla* album is dominated by a Fender Stratocaster in full repose. By the way, could not Clapton's acoustic version of *Layla* be proof he is a zombie? Just wondering.

Pat Druhan
Tillsonburg, Ontario

British Invasion

What gives with the limey chatter? Leafing through the October 1996 issue of SPY, I count at least five distinctly British expressions:

1) page 28: "Hang about"
2) page 30: "bum"
3) page 33: "wanker"
4) page 33: "tobacconist"
5) page 33: "not bloody likely"

One or two might be coincidence. *Five* is surely a conspiracy. Have they taken over completely? Answer please.

John Klein
Jupiter, Florida

Blimey, guvnor, that's just bleedin' bollocks.

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R-O-C-K in the S-P-Y

Julie Rauer



Julie Rauer ("The Fat-Free Chips Are Down...and Out," page 28) has traveled to Iceland six times in recent years "to escape the long arm of olestra." Seems that "anal leakage," as she puts it, is not a problem in the land of dried haddock. Her obsession with bodily fluids appears to run in the family—she is the third cousin of Bela Lugosi.



Todd Seavey

Todd Seavey ("Bono's Log," page 14) is an impartial and unbiased gatherer of news who has written for *Reason*, *National Review*, *Chronicles*, and the highly absorbent giveaway newspaper *New York Press*. He recently took third place in a poetry contest with "Stork in a Gyrocopter," which was rejected several years ago by the fools at Brown University. He is not bitter.



Hart Seely

Hart Seely ("The King & I," page 10) is a reporter for the *Syracuse Herald-Journal* and co-authored *Oh Holy Cow*, which examines the select verse of baseball legend Phil Rizzuto. When asked how Elvis Presley has personally touched his life, he responds, "I feel the urge to shoot my TV everytime *Clambake* comes on."

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by Dave Hollingsworth

Beam Me Up, Nazi

The intelligent moviegoer, disturbed by the success of *Independence Day,* ponders: If human beings *really* established meaningful contact with extraterrestrials, wouldn't we keep Will Smith locked in a closet somewhere? Thankfully, our most comprehensive attempt yet at intergalactic chitchat, the Jupiter-exploring spacecraft *Voyager,* was launched in 1977, in the pre-Fresh Princian era.

Currently sailing well beyond Uranus, *Voyager* is fully stocked with a groovy sound palace, featuring a 12-inch copper disc replete with the sounds of Earth, as well as a message of peace recorded in 60 languages. For whom is this mellow space pad intended? For the aliens, of course. And who are our interstellar ambassadors? How about starship storm trooper Kurt Waldheim and peanut guy Jimmy Carter?

Kurt



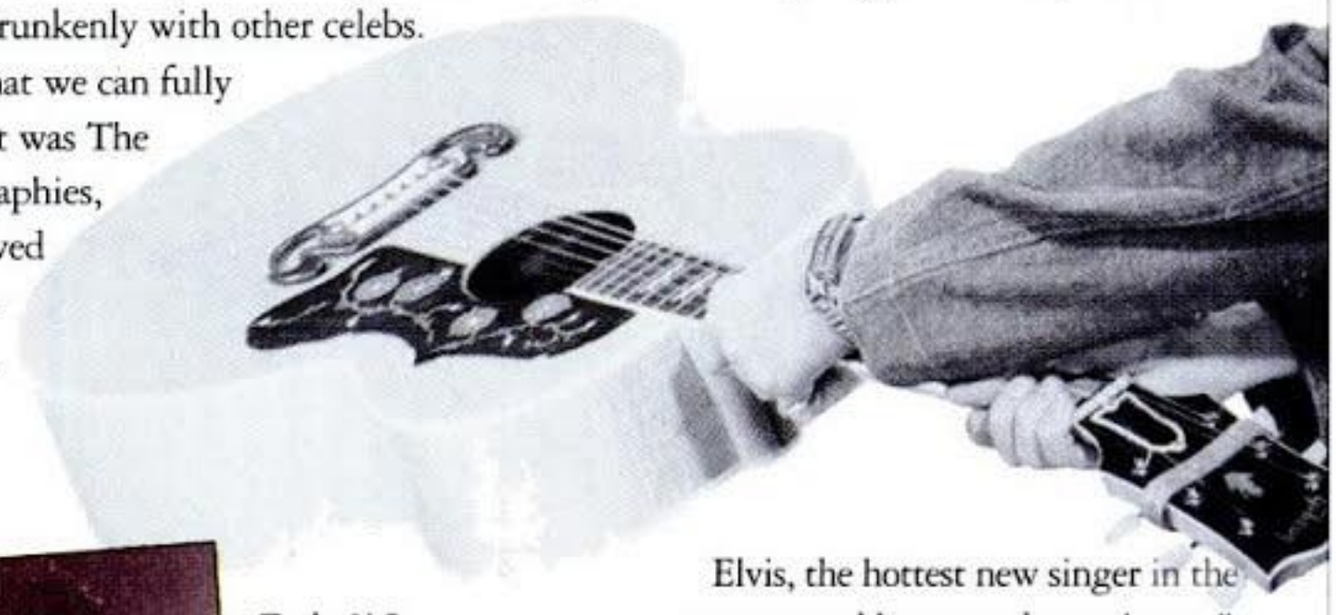
"I hope you're having a good time, but I know you're having a shit time." Lia

naked city

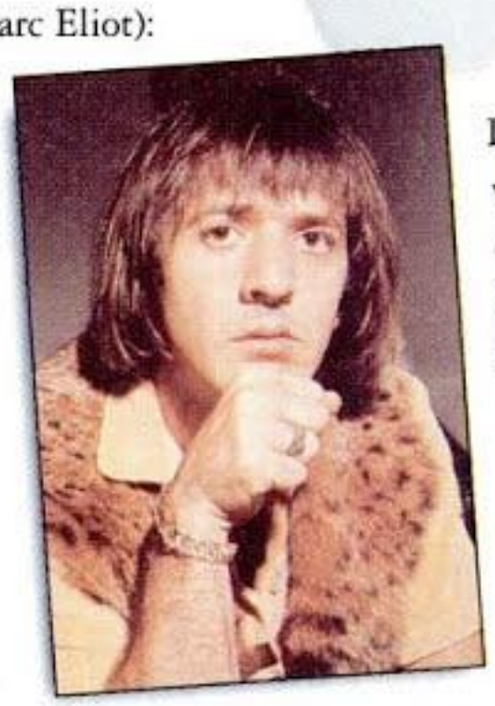
The King & I

Journalists and biographers have attempted portraits of Elvis Presley since he died on the toilet on August 16, 1977. But rock and roll's first deity was a complex man who, when not expiring on the can, could often be found schmoozing drunkenly with other celebs.

It is only through their memoirs that we can fully appreciate the awesome mosaic that was The King. In their solipsistic autobiographies, stars offer details about how "E" loved his mama, huge deep-fried peanut-butter-and-bacon sandwiches, and, ahem…them.—*Hart Seely*



Roy Clark (with Marc Eliot): "He made a point of telling me how much he loved *Hee Haw.*" (*My Life—in Spite of Myself,* 1994)



Tony Curtis (with Barry Paris): "I'd catch him looking at me the way we look at people we admire; a language in itself. Elvis wasn't the most articulate man." (*Tony Curtis,* 1993)

Brian Wilson (with Todd Gold): "I seemed to impress him. 'I've heard a lot about you,' he said, extending his hand for me to shake. 'How yew doin', Duke?' I wondered why he called me Duke." (*Wouldn't It Be Nice,* 1991)

Mamie Van Doren (with Art Aveilhe): "'Great show, Mamie!' he said. 'Thanks. I'm glad you could come.' 'Oh, I wouldn't have missed you. I saw *Untamed Youth* in Memphis and I loved it. You don't happen to have a picture you could autograph for me, do you?' Here was Elvis, the hottest new singer in the country, and he wanted my picture." (*Playing the Field,* 1987)

Neil Sedaka: "Elvis grabbed me and said, 'Neil, I've been listening to all of your stuff. We're on the same wavelength and the same label, RCA Victor.' " (*Laughter in the Rain,* 1982)

Sonny Bono: "Right away he began talking about how much he liked Cher's and my version of 'What Now, My Love.' " (*And the Beat Goes On,* 1991)

Hank Williams, Jr. (with Michael Bane): " 'Hank,' he said, 'I just want to tell you that your daddy was really something, man.' "(*Living Proof,* 1979)

ed material

agher, of Oasis, reading attendees' minds at this year's MTV Video Music Awards



looked at me a second or two longer than Phil thought was proper." (*Be My Baby,* 1990)

Zsa Zsa Gabor (with Wendy Leigh): "Before he left, he drew me to one side, bent down from what seemed an enormous height, and whispered seductively, 'When can I see you again?' " (*One Lifetime Is Not Enough,* 1991)

Ronnie Spector (with Vince Waldron): " 'I'm pleased to meet you,' he said, and that was about all I heard before Phil grabbed my arm and started dragging me away. I guess Elvis had

Ronnie Milsap (with Tom Carter): "Elvis came over and told me how much he liked my playing and singing on 'Kentucky Rain.' What a compliment!" (*Almost Like a Song,* 1990)

Wayne Newton (with Dick Maurice): "I actually saw the ghost of Elvis once…during an engagement while I was singing 'Are You Lonesome Tonight?'…I caught a flash in my eye like a camera bulb from the balcony and I saw an image of Elvis….I've often asked myself why Elvis is reaching out to me. I think the answer lies in our last conversation. He told me, 'I don't know how many songs I've got left to sing. Just remember it's yours now. It's all yours.' " (*Once Before I Go,* 1989)

Minnie Pearl (with Joan Dew): "I was impressed with Elvis's good manners and his quiet, almost shy, personality. He said, 'Yes, sir' and 'Yes, ma'am' to everyone." (*Minnie Pearl,* 1980)

Joan Rivers (with Richard Meryman): "What charm, what self-mocking humor! Elvis knew it was all a crock of shit." (*Still Talking,* 1991)

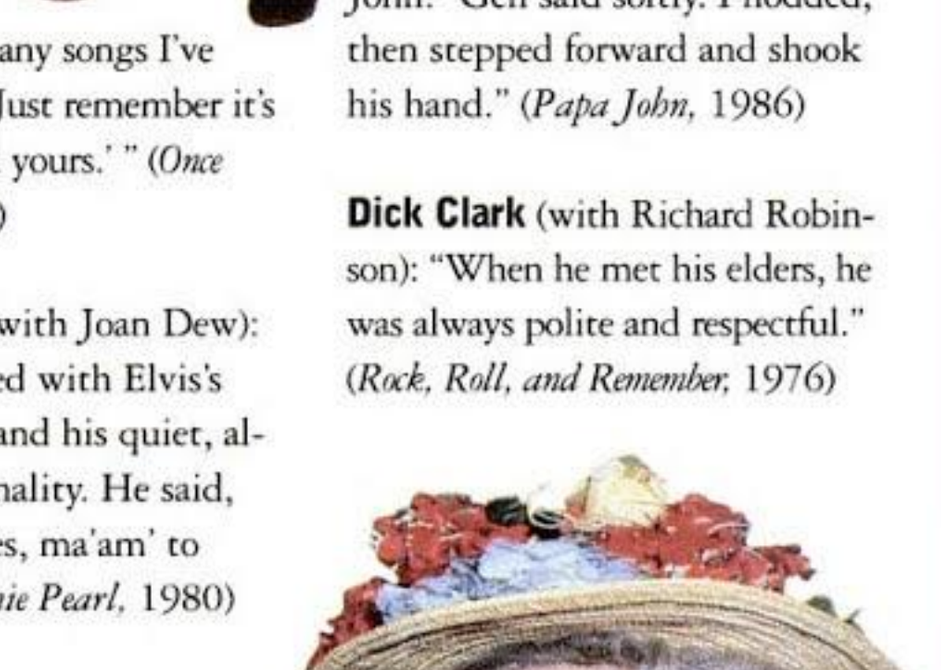
Sammy Davis, Jr: "He had a wonderful ability for impersonation. His Bogey was better than mine." (*Hollywood in a Suitcase,* 1980)

Barbara Mandrell (with George Vecsey): "There he was all right—pompadour hair and sultry eyes heading straight at us, closing speed probably 50 miles an hour." (*Get to the Heart,* 1990)

Bruce Morrow (with Laura Baudo): " 'I just want to thank you for playing my records, sir,' came the words clad in southern tones that sounded the way velvet feels." (*Cousin Brucie,* 1987)

John Phillips (with Jim Jerome): " 'Elvis looks like my cousin Hadley, the Afrikaans tank commander who died after playing water polo, doesn't he, John?' Gen said softly. I nodded, then stepped forward and shook his hand." (*Papa John,* 1986)

Dick Clark (with Richard Robinson): "When he met his elders, he was always polite and respectful." (*Rock, Roll, and Remember,* 1976)



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Waldheim's Voyager *Message to the Aliens:*
"As the Secretary General of the United Nations, an organization of 147 member states who represent
almost all of the human inhabitants of the planet Earth, I send greetings on behalf of the people of our planet. We step out of our solar system into the universe seeking only peace and friendship, to teach if we are called upon, to be taught if we are fortunate. We know full well that our planet and all its inhabitants are but a small part of the immense universe that surrounds us and it is with humility and hope that we take this step."

Jimmy Carter's Voyager *Message to the Aliens:*
"This *Voyager* spacecraft was constructed by the United States of America. We are a community of 240 million human beings among the more than 4 billion who inhabit the planet Earth. We human beings are still divided into nation states, but these states are rapidly becoming a single global civilization.
We cast this message into the cosmos. It is likely to survive a billion years into our future, when our civilization is profoundly altered and the surface of the Earth may be vastly changed. Of the 200 billion stars in the Milky Way galaxy, some—perhaps many—may have inhabited planets and spacefaring civilizations. If one such civilization intercepts *Voyager* and can understand these recorded contents, here is our message:
'This is a present from a small distant world, a token of our sounds, our science, our images, our music, our thoughts and

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

our feelings. We are attempting to survive our time so we may live into yours. We hope someday, having solved the problems we face, to join a community of galactic civilizations. This record represents our hope and our determination, and our good will in a vast and awesome universe.' "

For the listening pleasure of ET and company, the *Voyager*'s "sound essay" details some of Earth's most important noises:

Whales
Volcanoes
Mud pots
Rain
Surf
Crickets, Frogs
Birds, Hyenas
Elephant
Chimpanzee
Wild dog
Laughter
Fire
Tools
Dogs, domestic
Herding sheep
Blacksmith shop
Sawing
Tractor
Riveter
Morse code
Ships
Horse and cart
Horse and carriage
Train Whistle
Tractor
Truck
Auto gears
Jet
Rocket
Kiss

The album's most ambitious cut is a set of digital instructions that can be converted into a faboo photographic index of—among other things—an old man and a dog, the Taj Mahal, and human genitalia. What follows is an incomplete list:

The Sun
Mercury
Mars
Jupiter
Earth

Purple Reign of Terror

The Revolution Will Not Be Pronounceable

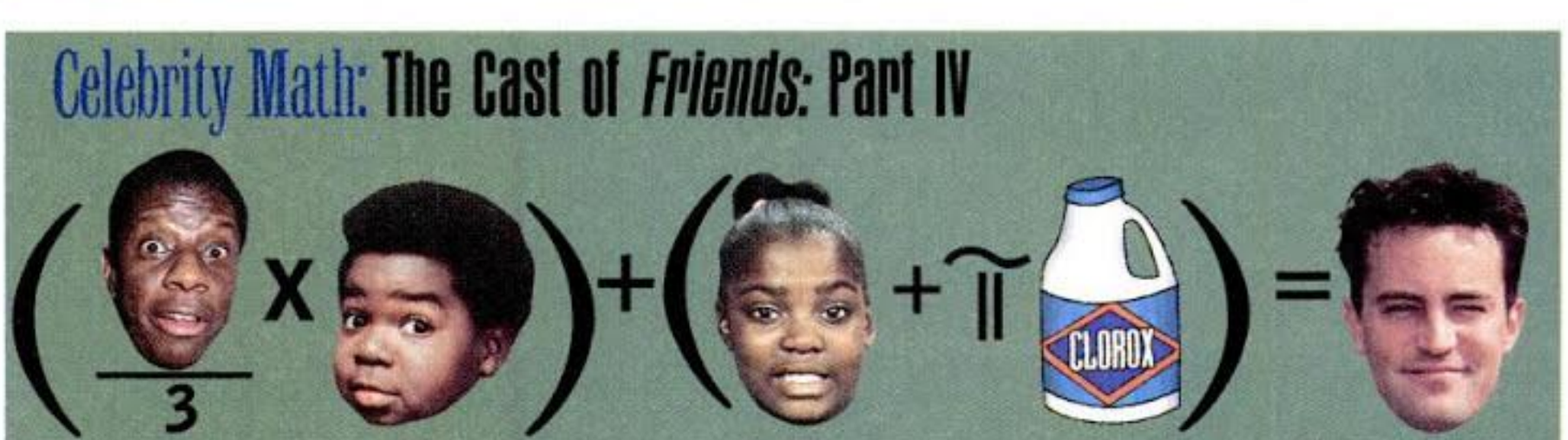


At first glance, the Artist Formerly Known as Prince appears to be completely friggin' nuts. Purple jumpsuits, completely nude album covers, an unpronounceable hieroglyphic *nom de disque*—survey says, "What up wit dat?" But though ♌ may seem to march to the beat of his own drummer, closer inspection reveals that he's just groovin' to bass lines already laid down by the grandmaster of funk himself, Fidel Castro, or 🐔 as he's known at the U.N.—*Dan Bova*

🐔 FIDEL	♌ PRINCE
Led Communist Revolution in Cuba.	Led band called Revolution in Minneapolis.
Co-wrote book entitled *How Far We Slaves Have Come.*	Wrote song entitled "Come" and had the word "Slave" shaved on his cheek.
Brought Cuba to brink of economic collapse in 1992–93.	Brought recording label Paisley Park to brink of economic collapse in 1992–93.
Armageddon: Almost caused it in 1962.	Armaged- called don: Released hit single "1999."
Believes in a classless society.	Wears assless pants.
On environment: "The atmosphere is already poisoned. The waters are poisoned."	On environment: "All the water's dirty and I wanna lay the pipe."
"Finding Marxism was like finding a map in the forest."	"Keep searching for the purple banana till they put us in the truck."
Proposed that revolutionaries strive for "the greatest number of achievements possible."	Proposed that fans strive for "23 positions in a one-night stand."
Repelled right-wing U.S. forces at the Bay of Pigs.	Repelled right-thinking gourmands with menu of "starfish and coffee...and a side order of ham."
"I am very enthusiastic about everything I do."	"I got a lion in my pocket, and baby he's ready to roar."
Known as the Guerilla Prince.	Known as the Artist Formerly Known as Prince.
Wrote manifesto called "History Will Absolve Me."	Wrote B-side called "I Love U in Me."
Is the figurehead of the Caribbean's police state.	Is the figurehead of the Midwest's Gopher State.
Name is now a symbol of communism in Latin America.	Name is now a symbol.

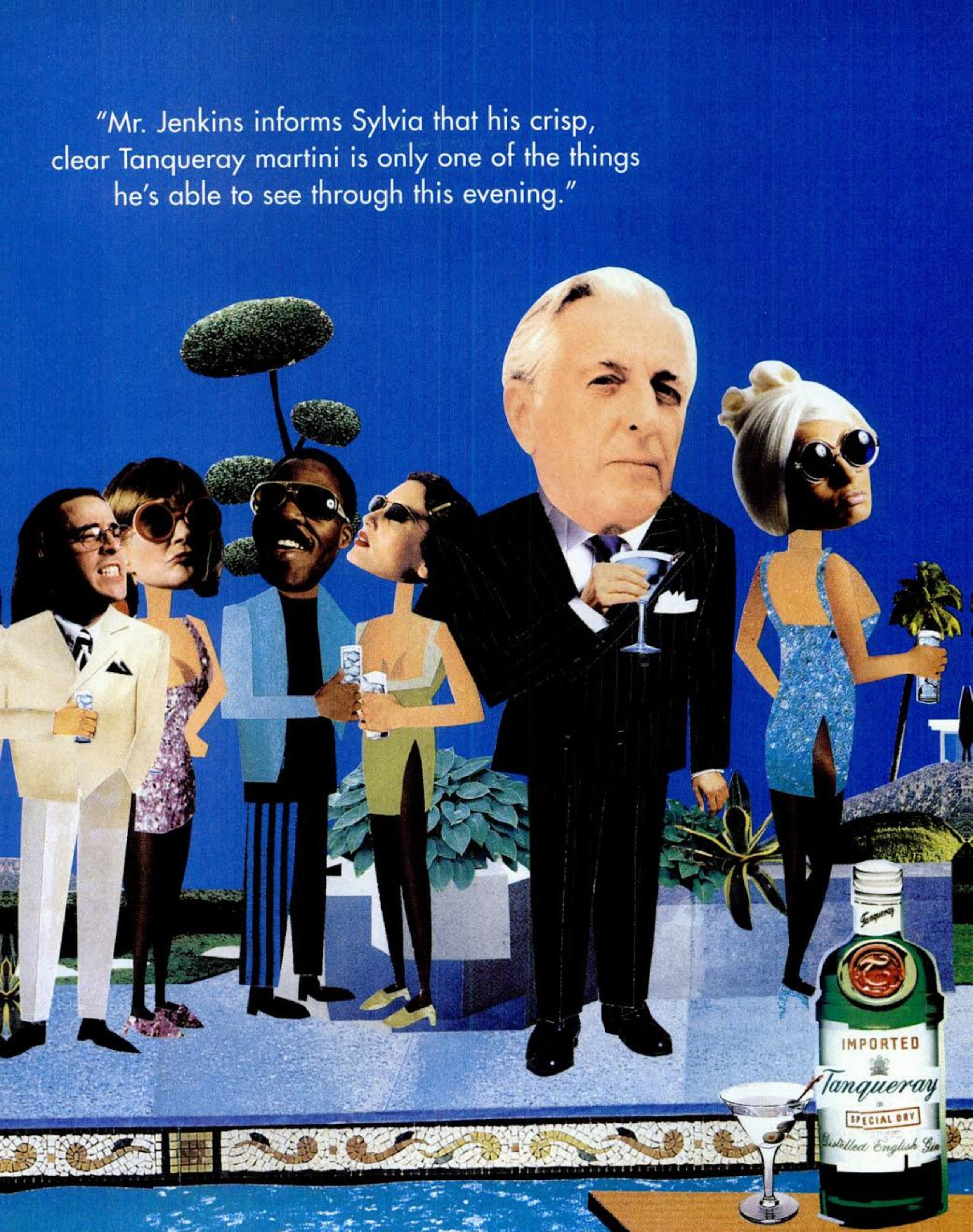


Celebrity Math: The Cast of *Friends*: Part IV



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"Mr. Jenkins informs Sylvia that his crisp,
clear Tanqueray martini is only one of the things
he's able to see through this evening."



Do drink responsibly, won't you?

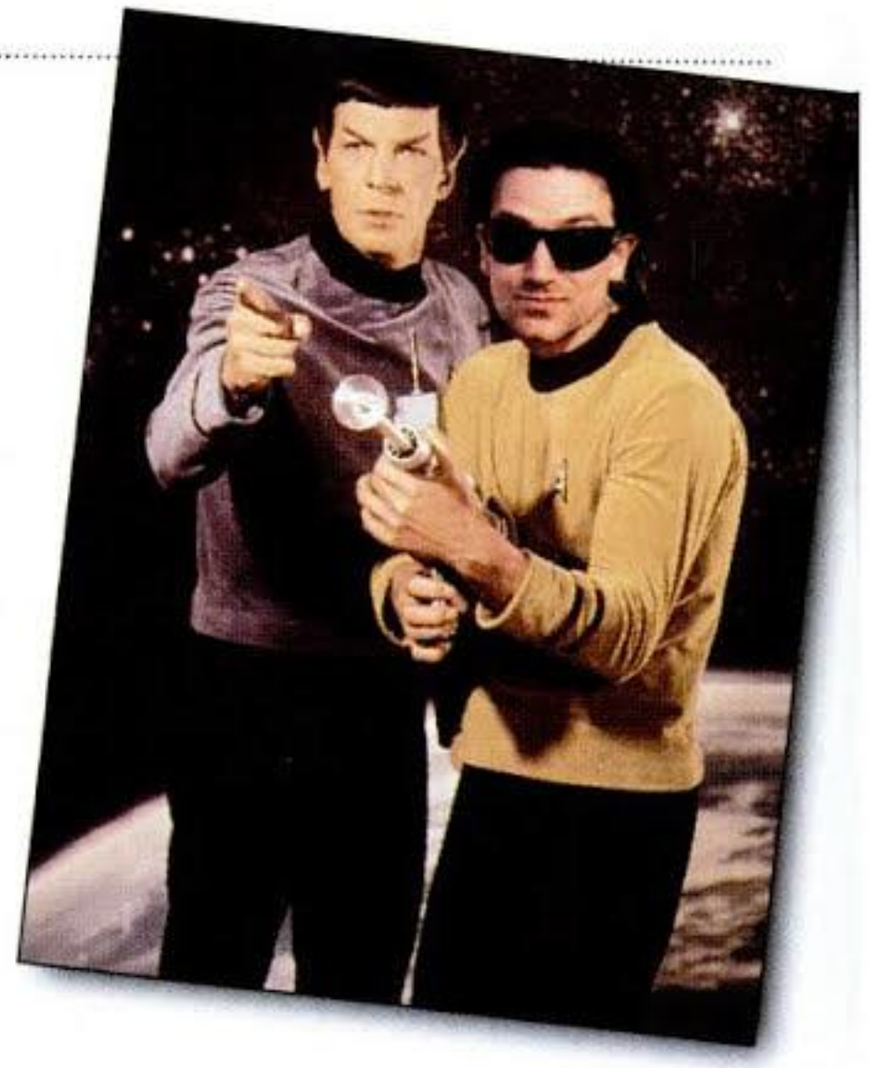
THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

the Nile
DNA stucture
Cells and cell division
Human sex organs
Fertilized ovum
Diagram of conception
Fetus
Diagram of male, female
Birth
Nursing mother
Father and daughter
in Malaysia
Snake River and Grand
Tetons
Sand dunes
Monument Valley
Leaf
Fallen leaves
Sequoia
Snowflake
Flying insect with flowers
Seashell
Dolphins
School of fish
Tree toad
Crocodile
Jane Goodall and chimps
Eagle
Sketch of bushmen
Bushmen hunters
Man from Guatemala
Dancer from Bali
Andean girls
Thai craftsman
Elephant
Old man with beard and
glasses
Old man with dog and flowers
Mountain climber
Schoolroom
Children with globe
Cotton harvest
Grape picker
Supermarket
Fishing boat with nets
Cooking fish
Great Wall of China
Cathy Rigby
House in Africa
House in New England
Taj Mahal
Sydney Opera House
X ray of hand
Woman with microscope
Street scene in Pakistan
Rush hour traffic in India
Highway in Ithaca, NY
Demonstration of licking, eating, and drinking
Golden Gate Bridge
Airport in Toronto
Antarctic expedition

Bono's Log

I Still Haven't Found That Klingon I Was Looking For

Irish supergroup in Vulcan Death Grip horror!



Have you ever wondered why that guy "The Edge" is seldom seen *sans* hat? It's not that he's bald, though the top of his head *is,* in reality, reptilian and scaly, like the pate of a dangerous space alien. Puzzled? U2 has you right where they want you. Consider, if you will, the remarkable similarity between moments in Bill Flanagan's band bio, *U2 at the End of the World,* and moments from various episodes of *Star Trek.*—*Todd Seavey*

STADIUM ROCKERS	MR. SPOCK-ERS
U2 and presidential candidate Bill Clinton have late-night hotel room conversation about politics and George Lucas's educational software.	Kirk outwits the Lawgivers and convinces self-aware computer "Landru" to self-destruct, freeing the society over which it rules.
Axl Rose confesses crying while listening repeatedly to "One" around the time of his divorce.	Spock is sprayed with alien plant spores that heighten emotions, causing him to weep, though hypersonic vibrations cure him.
U2 inadvertantly march to Berlin Wall with communist anti-reunification protesters.	Spock and Captain Picard are duped into aiding opponents of Romulan-Vulcan reunification.
Bono, staying in East Berlin, is evicted—naked—by aged Germans returning from the West side of the Wall to reclaim their family home.	Kirk reconciles the Coms and the scantily-clad Yangs, tribes modeled after Earth's communists and "Yankee" capitalists.
Bono checks into hotel as "Tony Orlando," not realizing real Orlando is staying in same hotel; confusion ensues.	Transporter malfunction creates duplicate Captain Kirk; confusion ensues.
Child steals Bono's irradiated boot after U2's symbolic protest against potentially deadly nuclear waste.	Commodore Decker steals Enterprise shuttlecraft for symbolic suicide attack on planet-eating doomsday machine.
Bono gives Winona Ryder a .38 Magnum for her 21st birthday as thank you for considering starring in Bono-scripted cowboy movie.	The Melkots transport Enterprise crew into deadly re-enactment of gunfight at the OK Corral.
Bono correctly deduces link between modernism and the Protestant Reformation from Shaker furniture.	Spock deduces the similarity between the civilization on planet 892-IV and Earth's Roman Empire from local artifacts.
French children, claiming to be witches, construct voodoo doll of drummer Larry Mullen.	Children of the planet Triacus cooperate with demon named Gorgan in an effort to take over the Enterprise.
While explaining her childhood abandonment of Hare Krishna to Bono and Larry, Cyndi Lauper denounces all religion as patriarchal.	An all-female society must surgically remove and steal Spock's brain to power their subterranean computer systems.
Backstage at U2 concert, Salman Rushdie claims he was always a fan of Dostoyevski and the Rolling Stones.	Ensign Pavel Chekov claims Russians are responsible for most of Earth's great cultural developments.
Depressed bassist Adam Clayton hires succession of expensive prostitutes after fight with Naomi Campbell.	Space trader Harry Mudd delivers beautiful wives-for-hire to lonely lithium miners on Rigel XII.
Bono awakens in stupor with python on his chest in apartment of heroin-using Tokyo party girls.	Kirk and crew are invited to dinner party on planet Cestus III, but Kirk is nearly killed by the Gorn, a hideous reptile man.
EMI Japan sends Bono congratulatory fax for his duet with Frank *Sinotta,* "I've Got You Under My Chicken."	Inability to communicate with silicon-based life-form known as the Horta results in the death of several space colonists.

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REALITY BITES
BACK

Buffalo © 1996

BUFFALO
DAVID BITTON

Front-Page Follies

Dog Wishes Man, "Happy Birthday!"

New York Times offers alternative to boring ol' "important" news

As the entry point for the Western world's newspaper of record, the front page of the *New York Times* is where human history literally unfolds: You know, "War in Bosnia," "JFK Assassinated," "Want to be funny for 15 minutes? Call (212) 636-5097." If you look closely at the bottom of the front page, these bizarre, often cryptic messages are taking up real estate where there could be more juicy Filegate news. These personals make the front page of the *Times* look like the back page of the *Village Voice*, and mean that the newspaper is one Nine Inch Nails quote away from being the world's first daily high school yearbook.—*Jonathan Yevin*

March 24
Joan and Jerry Heller congrats on 40 years of marriage!

April 13
Kathleen Clinton—your beauty is as eternal as the stars. Happy birthday!

April 16
50 years old—but still a man of steel! Happy birthday Clark—with love from Lois.

May 21
To Lulu-belle. Happy 18th birthday. You're a terrific kid! Love Mom, Dad, Evan, Keith, Hannah, & Charlie.

May 21
Happy birthday Allison, I love you and miss you more than ever—xoxox, Biff.

May 23
T—see you at city hall! I'll love you forever! Xxx ooo J.

May 26
Dear Scott, we're so proud of you! Love, Mom, Dad, Leslie, Andrew & Jesse.

May 27
Happy 35th anniv. Miriam & Robert. Love, Serene, Ray, Eric, Connor and Zach.

May 30
Jon—10 was delightful, who'd of thunk it? Love you for a lifetime. More xxx ooo Jane.

May 30
Cannoli—I love you, immensely, Dormig (a hot tuna!)

June 2
Dearest Brenda, happy 35th anniversary. I love you. George.

June 4
Aurelia L. 80 yr. young today! Happy birthday! Love, Kids, Grands & Greats.

June 6
Maria Francavilla graduates C.S.I. today your dream is real—college grad!!

June 24
Camp Wayne alumni reunion—75th anniversary.

June 29
Etoile, the wait is finally over. Will you marry me? Love, Marc.

July 1
Happy belated b-day Captain Kangaroo from Earth's biggest bookstore—Amazon Books.

July 10
Happy first half century Andy Leon Harney from Alex, Brendan, Tim, Ken, Tashi, and Ewok. Way to go, kiddo!

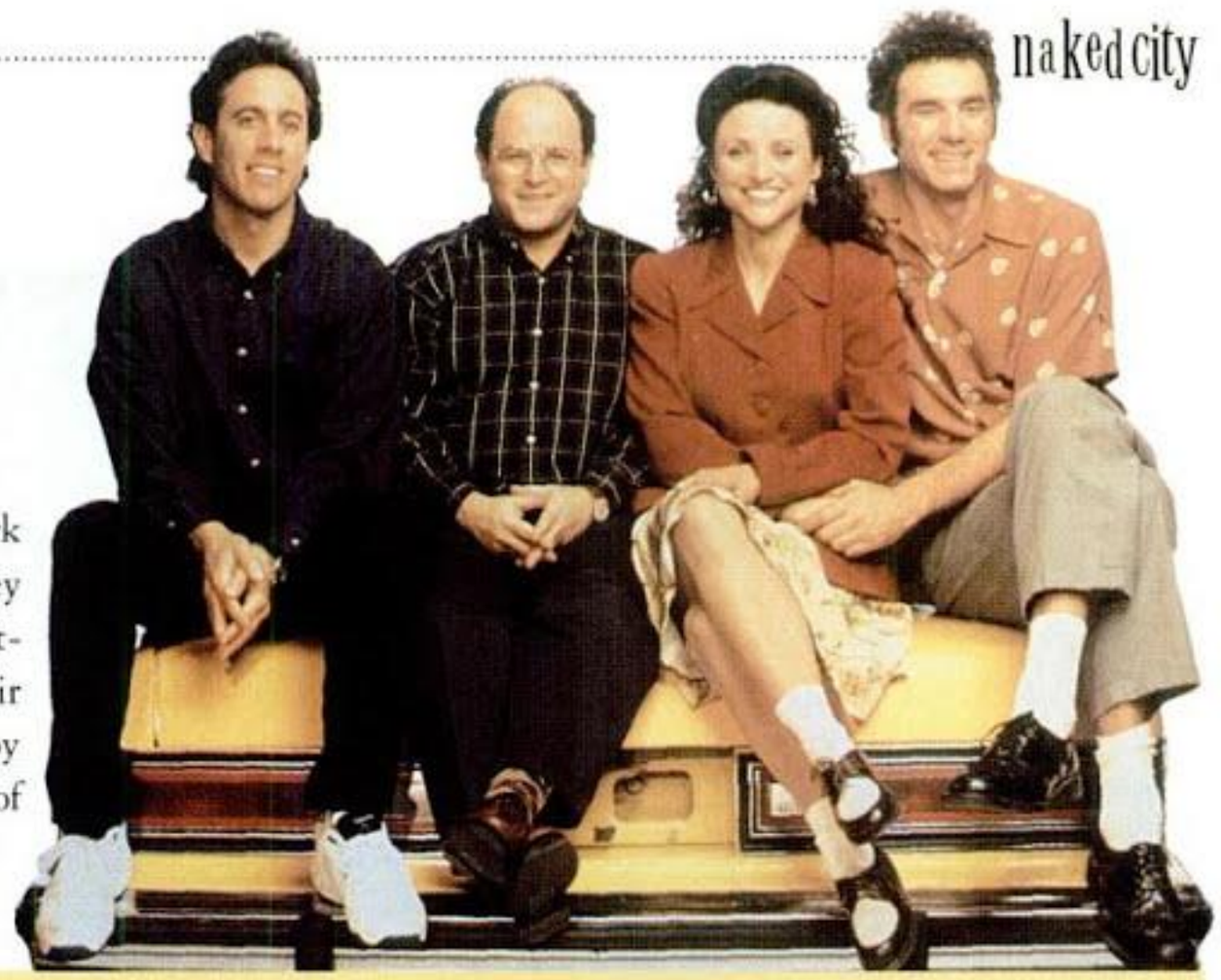


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Exodus, Stage Right

Anne Frank in the City

Sitcom Jews are losing their religion.



They're talkative. They're nervous. They live in New York City—they couldn't live anywhere else. But are they Jewish? Not if they're characters in prime-time TV sitcoms, schmuck! Ever since *Bridget Loves Bernie* went off the air in 1973, television has given us a parade of characters, played by Jewish actors, who appear in every way to be Jewish—except, of course, for their religious/ethnic background, which is always mysteriously "neutral."—*Philip Berroll*

CHARACTER	ACTOR	CHARACTERISTICS	DENIAL
Gabe Kotter, *Welcome Back, Kotter* (1975–79)	Gabriel Kaplan	Long-suffering; civil servant; Brooklynite.	Married a *shiksa*.
Capt. Barney Miller, *Barney Miller* (1975–82)	Hal Linden (né Lipschitz)	Grouchy but warm-hearted; civil servant; Manhattanite.	Never bonded with obviously Jewish detective Fish.
Alex Rieger, *Taxi* (1978–83)	Judd Hirsch	Sour but warm-hearted; Manhattanite.	Never dated Jewish girls.
Jerry Seinfeld, *Seinfeld* (1990–present)	Jerry Seinfeld	Neurotic; in the arts (comedian); parents live in Florida.	Once was mistaken for neo-Nazi.
Elaine Benes, *Seinfeld* (1990–present)	Julia Louis-Dreyfus	Neurotic; obsessed with men and her appearance.	Always sleeping with WASPy-looking guys.
George Costanza, *Seinfeld* (1990–present)	Jason Alexander	*Extremely* neurotic; whiny; compulsive; father played by Jerry Stiller.	Supposed to be Italian.
Kramer, *Seinfeld* (1990–present)	Michael Richards	Kvetchy; compulsive; paranoid; sometimes in the arts (underwear model).	What kind of name is Cosmo?
Paul Buchman, *Mad About You* (1992–pres.)	Paul Reiser	Anal-retentive; in the arts (filmmaker); nagging mother.	Married a *shiksa* who serves him bacon for breakfast.
Ross Geller, *Friends* (1994–present)	David Schwimmer	Whiny; depressed; in the sciences (paleontologist); father played by Elliot Gould.	Married a *shiksa*, who left him for another (gentile) woman.
Fran Fine, *The Nanny* (1993–present)	Fran Drescher	Whiny; materialistic; overdressed; puts on makeup with a trowel; killer nails.	Networks finally give Semitic green light to most stereotypical Jew in TV history.

Komputer Korner

Shut Your Damn Semicolon, Bracket Face!

As online geeks will testify, the fashion in cyberspace is to conclude one's analysis of the "Crystals of Zorg" episode of *Star Trek: Deep Space 9* with a little smiley face made of punctuation. Nerd types can spend hours tweaking these friendly clusters of dots, known as "emoticons," while their real faces slide into zitty disrepair. Even more alarmingly, though, this irritating trend looks like it may have jumped species to the nonmath population. Check out how these famous celebrities say "ciao, baby" in cyber-speak.—*Dan Bova*

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Bill Gates

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-
Princess Leia

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-
Gorbachev

(→)(←)
Bobbie Battista

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Jesus Christ

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Divine Brown

o-o
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-
John Lennon

666
John Tesh

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Number One, With a Bullwhip

Nice Girls Don't...Sell Records

Saccharine singers give "piece of ass" a chance

In the two-bit world of Hollywood, if a starlet wants her name on the marquee, she has to let a few hairy-backed producers jounce up and down on her for a while. But in the high-rolling music biz, she-rockers who find themselves in a career cul-de-sac usually skip the physical contact and go straight to having sex—symbolically at least—with the entire American public. You heard it here first!—*Stephen Robinson*





Loose Chanteuse: Madonna

Good Girl: Lyrics to innocuous singles "Lucky Star," "Borderline," and "Holiday" were G-rated pap. Clothes were tattered and baggy, but never actually came off.

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 22

Bad Girl: Released *Like a Virgin* in 1983; starred in New York scenester flick *Desperately Seeking Susan.* Kissed black Jesus in "Like a Prayer" video in 1989; starred in *Dick Tracy.* Filmed self-congratulatory documentary *Truth or Dare*, which features a scene in which she expertly mimes fellatio on a bottle of mineral water. After MTV refused to air steamy "Justify My Love" video, the 10-minute leatherfest sold unprecedented number of copies. Released her first literary effort, *Sex,* a collection of photos of her overexposed genitalia. Got knocked up by Cuban personal trainer.

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: Hello?

Loose Chanteuse: Alanis Morissette

Good Girl: Appeared on Nickelodeon's *You Can't Do That on Television* as a child. Despite her publicist's insistence that 1995's *Jagged Little Pill* was her debut record, Morissette had in fact released two sugary Debbie Gibson–derivative pop albums in Canada. They both bombed.

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 0

Bad Girl: Sang about performing fellatio in a movie theater in the P. J. Harvey-esque "You Oughta Know." Sang about masturbation in "Hand in My Pocket." Won a ridiculous number of Grammys. *Jagged Little Pill* was number one on the *Billboard* pop charts for 11 weeks.

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 65

Loose Chanteuse: Janet Jackson

Good Girl: Michael's chubby little sister made her show-business debut as Penny on *Good Times.* In 1982, she released *Janet Jackson,* a mediocre collection of upbeat tunes. Populace too busy moonwalking to notice.

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 10

Bad Girl: In 1993, Ms. Jackson discovered her midriff and released *janet,* a mediocre collection of *sexy* tunes featuring frank discussions of oral sex. People noticed. The same year, Janet posed on the cover of *Rolling Stone* topless with her sleazy boyfriend's hands hiding her breasts. Costarred opposite murdered gangsta rapper Tupac Shakur in John Singleton's dreadful *Poetic Justice.*

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 82

Loose Chanteuse: Sheena Easton



Good Girl: Released tame "Morning Train" in 1981; sang "We Got Tonight" with Kenny Rogers.

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 6

Bad Girl: Turned naughty with "Sugar Walls" in 1984; sang "U Got the Look" with Prince, including lyric "Let's get 2 rammin'."

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 42

Loose Chanteuse: Vanessa Williams

Good Girl: First black woman to win the coveted-by-Stepford-wives Miss America crown, in 1983. Waved and smiled a lot.

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 35

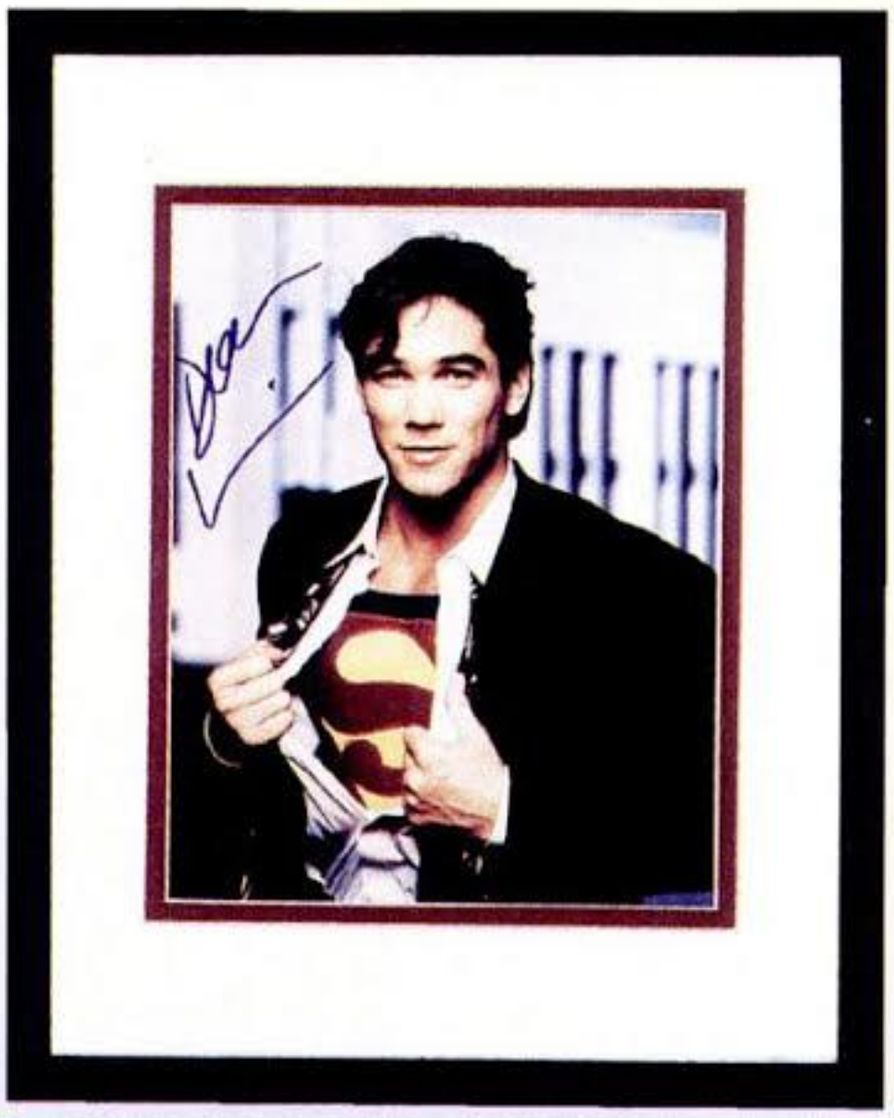
Bad Girl: Lost her crown when nude photos of her getting busy with another woman surfaced in *Penthouse.* Went on to secure a major-label recording deal and starring roles in the Broadway smash *Kiss of the Spider Woman* and the Schwarzenegger vehicle *Eraser.*

% of U.S. Aware of Her Existence: 90

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Order 4 or More Pieces & Take 20% Off !!

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Brigitte Bardot - $40
Christie Brinkley - $65
Naomi Campbell - $55
Cindy Crawford - $75
Linda Evangelista - $40
Bridget Hall - $35
Rachel Hunter - $50
Elizabeth Hurley - $45
Kathy Ireland - $65
Elle Macpherson - $65
Jenny McCarthy - $50
Ashley Montana - $50
Kate Moss - $50
Paulina - $60
Claudia Schiffer - $60
Stephanie Seymour - $55
Anna Nicole Smith - $50
Niki Taylor - $55
Christy Turlington - $55
Vendela - $50
Raquel Welch - $45

Movies & TV
Tim Allen - $50
Gillian Anderson - $60
Pam Anderson - $65
Jennifer Aniston - $55
Christina Applegate - $55
Scott Bakula - $50
Alec Baldwin - $65
Stephen Baldwin - $45
William Baldwin - $55
Antonio Banderas - $60
Drew Barrymore - $75
Kim Basinger - $75
Elizabeth Berkley - $40
Halle Berry - $50
Yasmine Bleeth - $50
Bruce Boxleitner - $45
Kenneth Branagh - $50
Pierce Brosnan - $55
Sandra Bullock - $65
Nicolas Cage - $45
Dean Cain - $60
John Candy - $75
Jim Carrey - $75
Jackie Chan - $45
Claudia Christian - $45
George Clooney - $50
Jennifer Connelly - $50
Sean Connery - $125
Kevin Costner - $75
Courteney Cox - $55
Tom Cruise - $110
Jamie Lee Curtis - $60
Ellen Degeneres - $45
Dana Delaney - $50
Robert Deniro - $95
Johnny Depp - $55
Cameron Diaz - $50
Leonardo DiCaprio - $50
Michael Douglas - $65
Fran Drescher - $40
David Duchovny - $60
Clint Eastwood - $75
Erika Eleniak - $65
Ralph Fiennes - $55
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Bridget Fonda - $75
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Richard Gere - $75
Mel Gibson - $125
Hugh Grant - $55
Mark Hamill - $50
Linda Hamilton - $50
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Teri Hatcher - $65
Lauren Holly - $50
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Denzel Washington - $55
Sigourney Weaver - $50
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Bono - $95
David Bowie - $75
Garth Brooks - $55
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Kurt Cobain - $250
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Sheryl Crow - $55
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Peter Gabriel - $65
Jerry Garcia - $225
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Sammy Hagar - $45
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Deborah Harry - $45
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Whitney Houston - $75
Janet Jackson - $95
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K.D. Lang - $55
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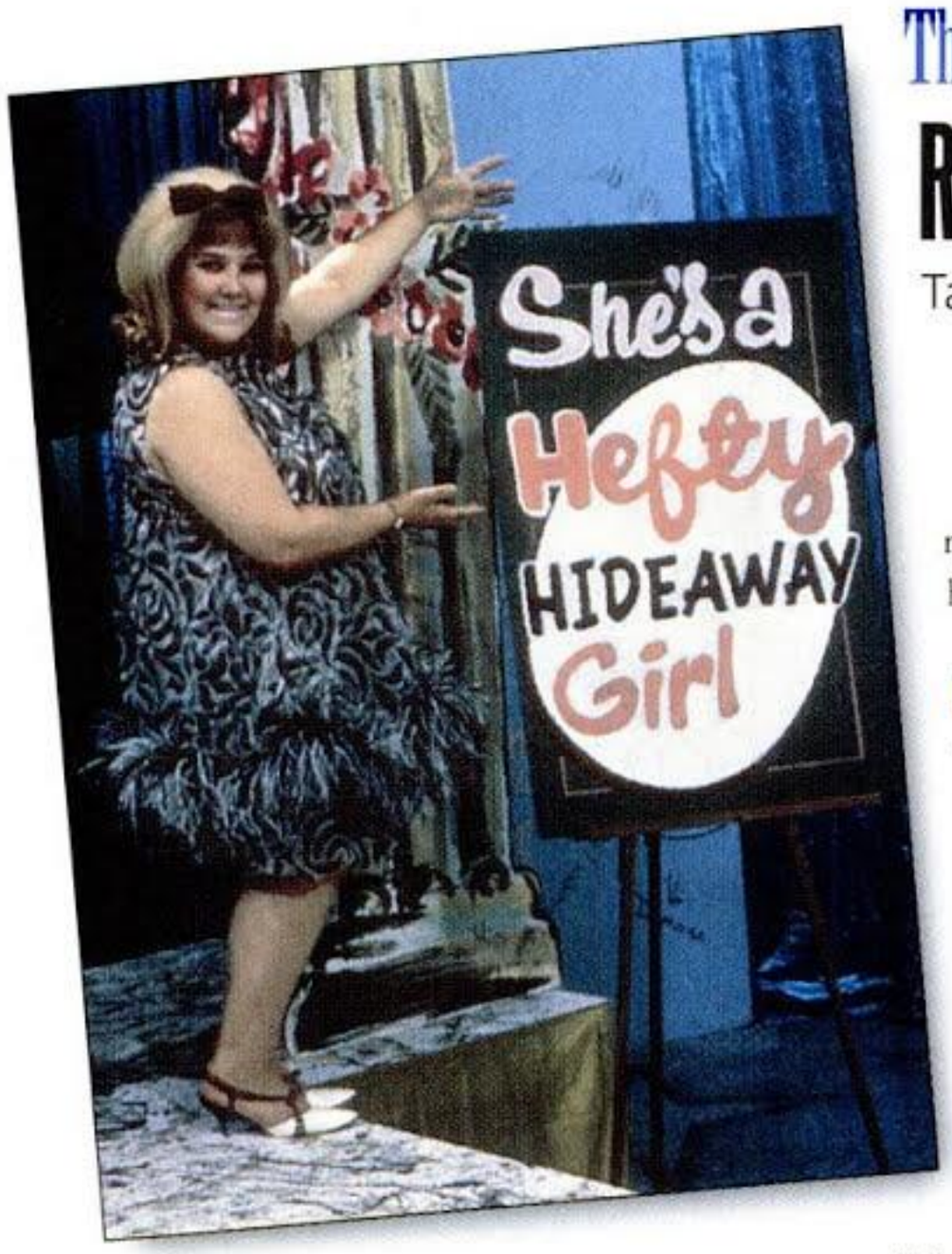
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The Incredible Shrinking Woman

Ricki Lake Is a Big, Fat Hypocrite

Taking the "hostess" out of Hostess cakes

Talk-show phenom Ricki Lake got her start as the adorably proud-to-be-tubby heroine of John Waters films such as *Cry-Baby* and *Hairspray*. We rooted for her when she tried to shed a few of her 250 pounds to star in her chaotic television show, and we marveled when she dropped an additional 17 el-bees for her role in *Mrs. Winterbourne*. But has this former champion of the chunky forgotten the not-so-little people?—*Devon Alexander*

Early Pro-Fat Stance:

- "I was very comfortable with my body."
- "My plan is to define the role of fat-girl-as-heroine. I'm going to make fat fashionable again."
- "Certain guys are attracted to people my size."
- "I was the first fat heroine—before Roseanne."

Later Anti-Fat Stance:

- "The fact that I'm forever trapped on celluloid looking like that is frightening."
- "I can't believe I loved myself, let alone anyone else loving me."
- "Some people say I've sold out, you know. I was this role model for heavy people. But I never set out to be a role model. It's not my goal. So I'm selfish. Sue me."
- "Living my life as a fat person and then not living my life as a fat person is a totally different experience. Now it's a lot more fun."



"Jo Mama!" Dept.

Listen Up, Mister: The Name's Butch

For decades, Hollywood has sent its finest young actresses into that sexually charged gray area between being a lesbian and actually being a man. Just in case viewers were too dunderheaded to pick up on such subtleties, the entertainment industry invented a brilliant code to semaphore characters' butchness. Beautiful and brainy, brave and brazen—when a woman has *spunk*, her name is Jo.—*Robby Colmant*

Jo Who?	Chutzpah	Inspiration from Adversity	He Loves Her Not	Notable Accomplishment
Jo Harding, *Twister*	Sat Indian-style through the eye of the earth's most devastating tornado.	Devoted life to science after her father was flung from Kansas to NJ in five seconds via an F5 twister (a.k.a. "The Finger of God").	Pasty Bill Paxton dumped her for Annette Funicello impersonator Jami Gertz.	Survived a shower of flying cows, tractors, 18-wheelers, and tricycles.
Jo Reynolds, *Melrose Place*	Shot and killed the father of her child while held captive on the high seas.	Escaped from her miserable apartment complex for a more peaceful life in Bosnia.	Used by every new stud in town.	Won't appear this season.
Jo Polniaczek, *The Facts of Life*	Rode a motorcycle.	Mastered the art of motorcycle maintenance while growing up in the ghetto.	Mauled by a prepster at Bates Academy dance.	Never once called Blair a "fat pig" in any of their many arguments.
Jo March, *Little Women*	Chopped off her hair in defiance of social standards.	Cashed in on sickly sister Beth's death with her first published book.	Lost boy-next-door Lorie to her rotten sister Amy.	Paved way for crossdressing with her attic thespianism.
Jo, *The Real World, San Francisco*	Extreme skier, rock climber, and midseason Puck replacement.	Après her *Real World* gig, became a Ski Patrol dynamite expert, setting off avalanches.	Placed restraining order on ex-husband.	Resisted planting dynamite in the house.

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ROD STEWART

ROD WASN'T EXACTLY A GENEROUS MAN...

I JUST WANTED TO SHOW IT TO YOU.

"I NOTICED THE WRINKLES, THE DOUBLE-CHIN, THE PUDGE IN HIS TUMMY, THAT UGLY MOLE ON HIS FACE... HE WAS ACTUALLY OLD AND UGLY."

NO! THIS ISN'T FOR YOU! IT'S FOR MY GIRLFRIEND.

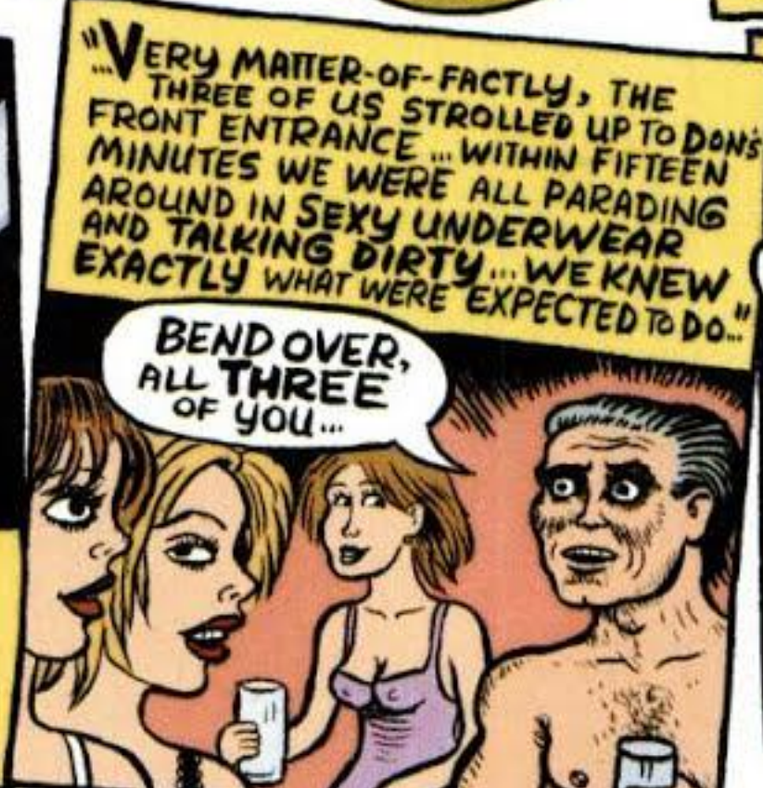


DON HENLEY



"ONE OF THE WORST COCAINE ADDICTS I HAVE EVER SEEN... I HATED HOW HE SMELLED. HE HAD DONE SO MANY DRUGS AND DRUNK SO MUCH ALCHOHOL... THE SMELL CAME OUT THROUGH HIS SKIN..."

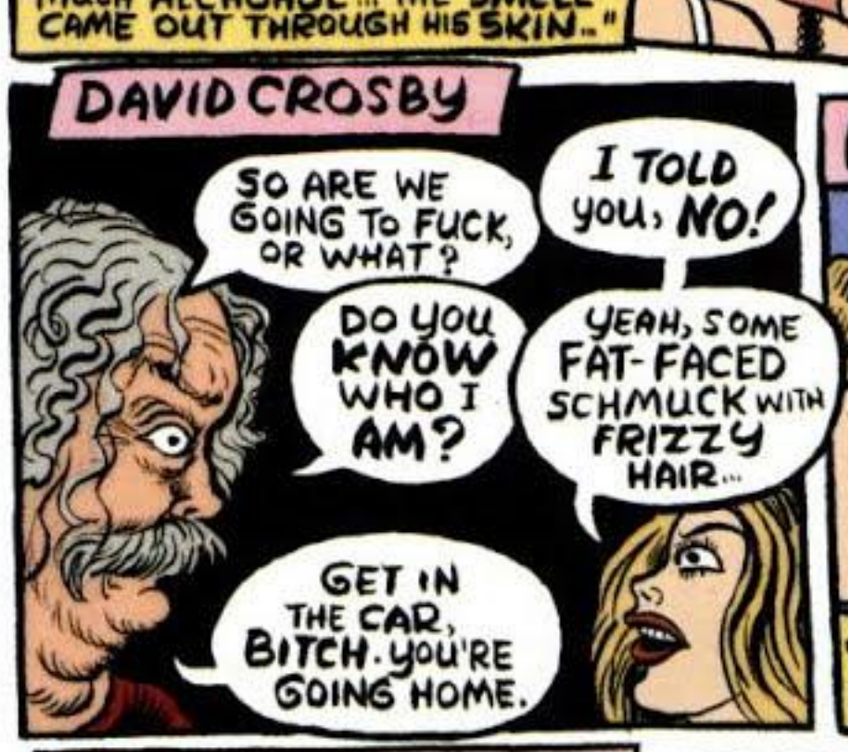
"VERY MATTER-OF-FACTLY, THE THREE OF US STROLLED UP TO DON'S FRONT ENTRANCE... WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES WE WERE ALL PARADING AROUND IN SEXY UNDERWEAR AND TALKING DIRTY... WE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WERE EXPECTED TO DO..."



"WE OBEYED. WE ALL LINED UP IN A ROW AND GAVE GREAT REACTION PERFORMANCES."



DAVID CROSBY



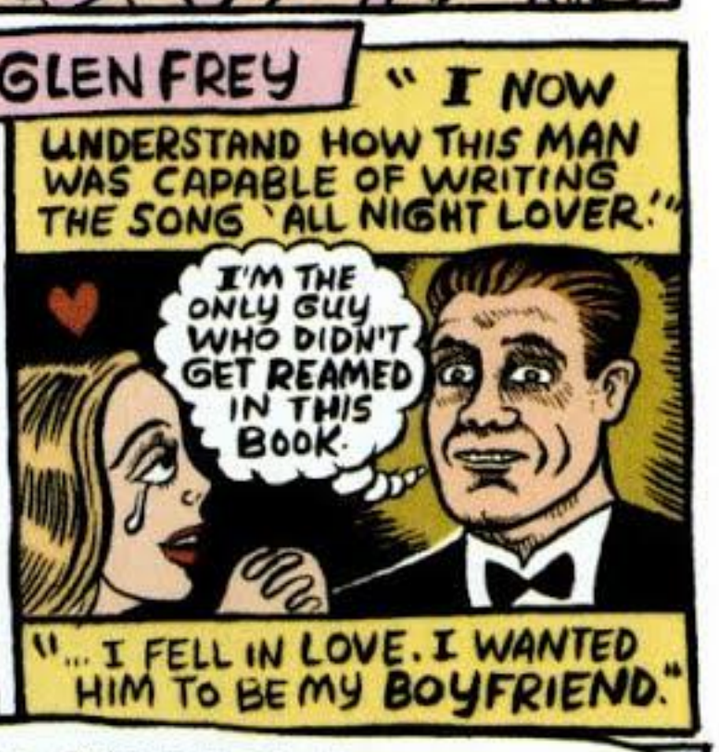
BILLY IDOL



"HE HAD JUST SHOT UP, AND HAD LEFT THE NEEDLE IN..."

GLEN FREY

"I NOW UNDERSTAND HOW THIS MAN WAS CAPABLE OF WRITING THE SONG 'ALL NIGHT LOVER!'"



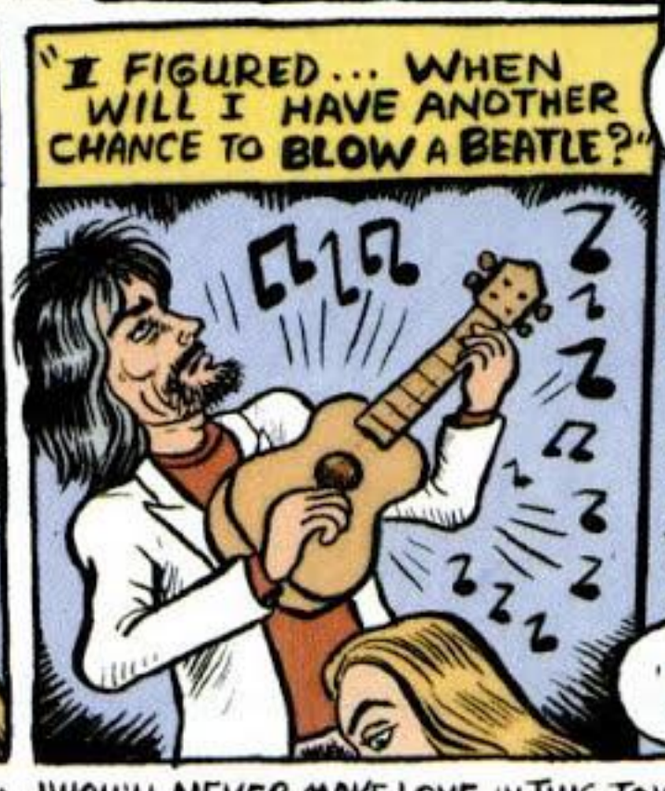
"... I FELL IN LOVE. I WANTED HIM TO BE MY BOYFRIEND."

GEORGE HARRISON

"NOT ONE FOR SMALL TALK..."



"I FIGURED... WHEN WILL I HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO BLOW A BEATLE?"



THE ENTIRE TIME... HE KEPT PLAYING THAT DAMNED UKELELE. THEN HE GOT UP AND STARTED WALKING DOWN THE STAIRS... I WAS LEFT STANDING THERE.



* ALL SCENES AND DIALOGUE TAKEN FROM "YOU'LL NEVER MAKE LOVE IN THIS TOWN AGAIN", BY ROBIN, LIZA, LINDA, AND TIFFANY

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Separated at Birth?



Waiting in the wings Elizabeth Dole...



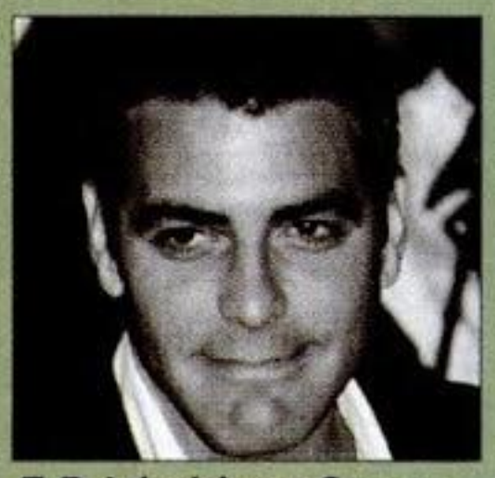
...and "Wind Beneath My Wings" Bette Midler?



Dolphin-like swimmer Janet Evans...



...and slimmer, but still whale-like, Ricki Lake?



E.R. televisioner George Clooney...



...and MDA telethoner Jerry Lewis?



Glamorous fool for Pitt Gwyneth Paltrow...



...and pitiful glam rocker Gunnar Nelson?



A Time to Kill's Matthew McConaughey...



...and *Stayin' Alive*'s Barry Gibb?

Like a Bad Writer on Quaaludes

What a Long, Strangely Familiar Trip It's Been

Turn on, tune in, drop a cliché!

Sixties mind-expansionist Timothy Leary may be dead—in fact, he is!—but the media seem to be licking his toad-skin boots nonetheless. Who'd have guessed that Leary's favorite four-letter word would become the catchphrase of our vocabulary-strapped, dime-a-minute generation? In 1996 alone, journalists' excruciating habit of playing the illegal-hallucinogen card has gathered moss like a rolling stone on acid.—*Stephen Robinson*

"If folk music sounds like a sparrow, antifolk sounds like sparrows on **acid.**"—*Village Voice*

"Trying to navigate through [the Internet] too often feels like what it must be to walk through a fun house on **acid.**"—*Los Angeles Times*

"John Berger is a Europhobe's nightmare. In his latest book, he dots around the continent like a rambler on **acid.**"—*New York Times*

"Dole's advisors are like Machiavelli on **acid.**"—*Mediaweek*

"Filled with tall tales, bawdy humor, and larger-than-life performances, *Wild Bill* plays like a Sergio Leone oater on **acid.**" —*New York Daily News*

"[Tori Amos is] like Edith Piaf on **acid.**"—*Boston Globe*

"*Way Down Deep in the Jungle* at times reads like Graham Greene on **acid.**"—*The Observer*

"Doesn't matter how many movies you've seen—nothing has prepared you for *The Kingdom*, a four-hour soap opera of the supernatural that plays like *ER* on **acid.**"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

"In character as a crazed subway rider named Space, the lanky Sekou Sundiata jived and testified like a young James Baldwin on **acid.**"—*The Nation*

"The Vass Ludacer line [of jewelry is] a lot of oxidized silver and gold mixed, and it looks like Cartier on **acid.**"—*Dallas Morning News*

"[Primus features] a heavy bassline, jazz and funk nuances, and vocals that sometimes sound like a circus ringmaster on **acid.**"—*Portland Press Herald*

"Orbital's music...often sounds like cyber-nerds on **acid.**"—*Los Angeles Times*

"[A] fully bespectacled and suspendered Larry King, working the audience like a borscht-belt emcee on **acid.**"—*Washington Post*

"Chapter after chapter [of *The Riders*] reads like Brian Moore on **acid.**"—*Vancouver Sun*

"*The Wall Street Journal* is calling the anti-Washington crusaders the Halloween Coalition: Perot, Buchanan, Nader. They're like the *McLaughlin Group* on **acid.**" —*Dallas Morning News*

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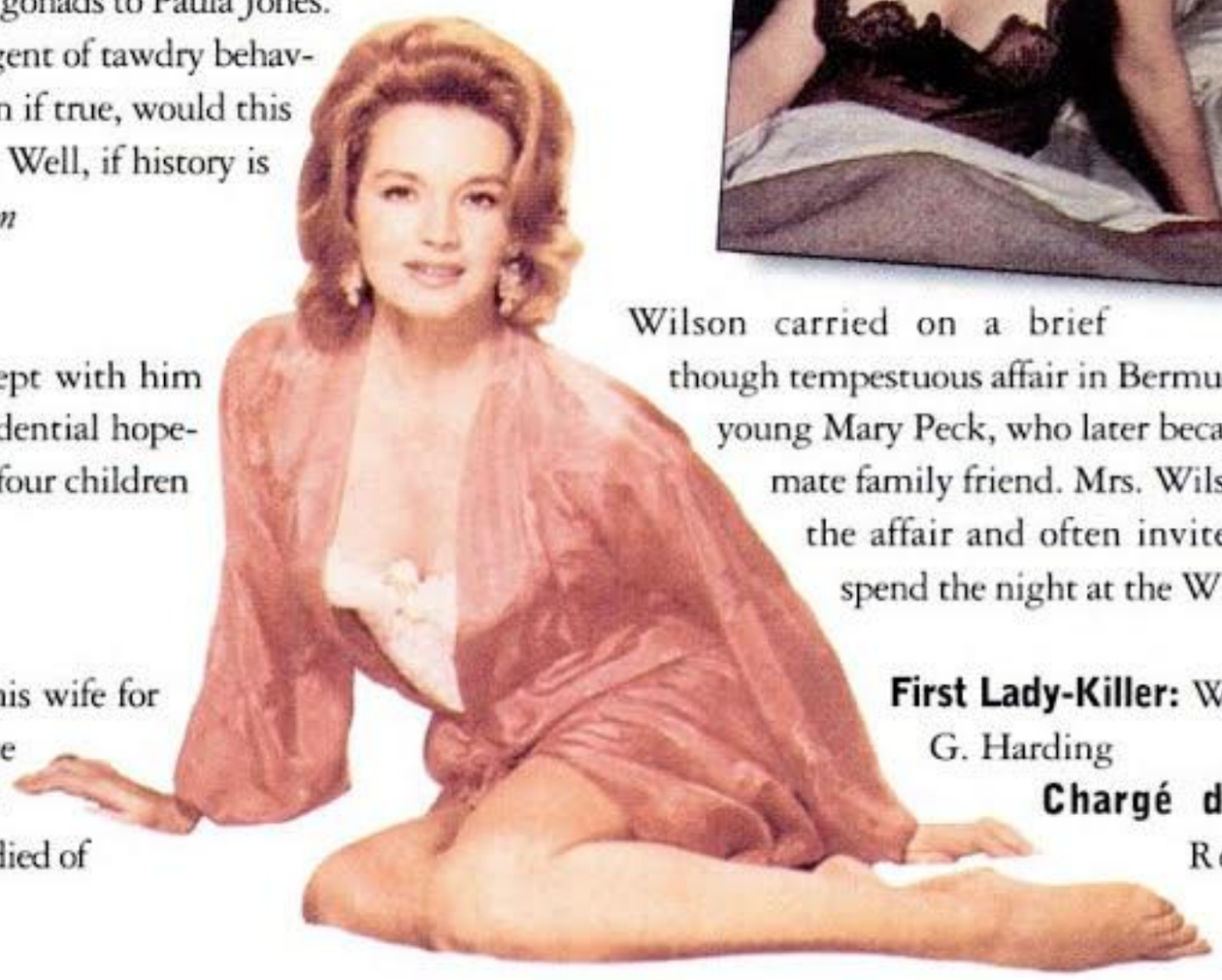
The Oval Orifice

See Me, Touch Me, Feel Me, Elect Me

In addition to leading the Free World, U.S. presidents enjoy illicit sex

Enemies of the silver fox in chief call him a draft-dodging, pot-inhaling adulterer. And if you believe what you hear in the back rooms of the capital's pool halls, Clinton's personal sexual-highlight reel includes dalliances with beauty queens; flings with babes secured for him by hillbilly cops; and the exposure of the then gubernatorial gonads to Paula Jones. Then came disputed allegations from a former FBI agent of tawdry behavior and skimpy dress codes in the White House. Even if true, would this behavior hurt the president in his bid for reelection? Well, if history is any barometer, it might actually help.—*Scott Patterson*





First Lady-Killer: Thomas Jefferson
Chargé d'affaires: Apparently, Dolly Madison slept with him numerous times so that he would endorse her presidential hopeful husband, James Madison. Jefferson probably had four children with slave Sally Hemings.

First Lady-Killer: Andrew Jackson
Chargé d'affaires: Unwittingly lived in sin with his wife for three years because she hadn't obtained a legal divorce from her husband. After Jackson was elected president, this "lurid" history was exposed and the missus died of a heart attack.

First Lady-Killer: James Garfield
Chargé d'affaires: The first president known to have had an extramarital affair, Garfield engaged in a brief tryst with his wife's best friend, who loved the slighted spouse like a sister. The three were together so often that they were known as The Trinity.



First Lady-Killer: Grover Cleveland
Chargé d'affaires: Known as Big Steve to his friends, as a young man, Cleveland unknowingly fathered a child with a 35-year-old widow. During his presidential campaign, the widow (by this time a raging drunk) and the young lad surfaced in the camps of the opposition, who used the chant "Ma! Ma! Where's my Pa?" to slander the Democratic hopeful. Cleveland claimed the child as his own, took him away from his mother, and gave him up to an orphanage.

First Lady-Killer: Woodrow Wilson
Chargé d'affaires: As a 50-year-old man, Wilson carried on a brief though tempestuous affair in Bermuda with the young Mary Peck, who later became an intimate family friend. Mrs. Wilson knew of the affair and often invited Mary to spend the night at the White House.

First Lady-Killer: Warren G. Harding
Chargé d'affaires: Repeatedly had sex in a White House coat closet with a young flapper named Nan Britton while a Secret Service agent restrained the enraged First Lady from beating down the door.

First Lady-Killer: Franklin Delano Roosevelt
Chargé d'affaires: Had a long-term affair with his wife's personal secretary. After Eleanor found out about his infidelity, she never slept with Roosevelt again. It is believed the First Lady worked out her sexual energies on a female reporter named Lorena Hickock.

First Lady-Killer: Dwight D. Eisenhower
Chargé d'affaires: Carried on an extended relationship with his wartime driver, Kay Summersby, although his impotence may have hindered sex. There is evidence that he nearly divorced Mrs. Eisenhower to marry Kay but thought it might make the electorate "not like Ike."

First Lady-Killer: John Fitzgerald Kennedy
Chargé d'affaires: In addition to a conquest list that would make Chamberlain wilt, JFK once smoked dope with a playgirl and joked about being too stoned to push the button in the event of a nuke attack.

First Lady-Killer: George Bush
Chargé d'affaires: The incumbent candidate stopped ranting about Bubba's philandering when stories surfaced of his own Swiss love nest.

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Golden Globe

You Say 'Tomato,' I Say 'Die, Heretic!'

WAR OF THE WORDS. One reason why we can't all get along

is that we all speak different languages. If we all spoke Esperanto and understood each other perfectly, the Age of Aquarius would dawn, and there would be no more war.

Try telling that to people in Yugoslavia, where almost everyone understands everybody else perfectly—every insult, every threat, and every murdered victim's last plea for mercy. All nonpartisan linguists agree that Serbs, Croats, and Bosnians speak the *same language*. But in the wake of the breakup of Yugoslavia, what to call this tongue has become yet another ripple in the maelstrom of malice stirred up by the rabid nationalists.

Nobel Prize–winning writer Ivo Andric's multi-culti bio is typical of the, well, balkanization of the Yugoslav language. Andric was born in Bosnia, had his first poems published in the *Young Croat Poets* anthology, and then became a famous Serb writer. Before the fall, the language he wrote in was called Serbo-Croatian. But since then, Serb and Croat nationalists have been hacking at that hyphen like it was a piñata.

Franjo Tudjman, the Puritanian president of Croatia (he contracted western European designers and choreographers to create the uniform and drill for his guards), has invented Croatian tennis terms to replace English imports, such as *pripetavanje* for the previously acceptable "tiebreaker." Although a language purity law was defeated, there is enough jingoistic pressure to force Croatians to conform. Strangely enough, Tudjman himself was censored off his own state-controlled television when he greeted President Clinton on a state visit and said he was *srecan*, "happy" in Serbian, instead of *sretan*, "happy" in Croatian.

"There aren't really many genuinely Serbian and not Croatian words," a Croat professor told SPY, "but *srecan* is one of them. It was very embarrassing [for Tudjman], reminding people of how much time he spent in Belgrade as a Yugoslav Communist before becoming a Croat Nationalist." Luckily for Tudjman, he had not yet fully unleashed his language police. "The only thing that stops it all being legally enforced," added the professor, "is that Croatia's most distinguished linguist—who knows it's all a load of rubbish—is an old friend of Tudjman's." Less discriminating friends of Tudjman tried to outlaw the word for belt, *kaish*, and replace it with a cumbersome compound invented in the pro-Nazi Ustashe period, *okolotrbusnipantalodrzac*, that translates loosely into something like "round-the-belly-trouser-upholder."



NOT TO BE CAUGHT with *their* trousers down, the beleaguered Bosnian government has gotten into the act, recently declaring that most of its people speak *Bosnian*. American linguist Colleen London quoted a Bosnian teacher in Sarajevo who declared, "You can cut off my hand but I'll never write 'Serbo-Croatian' on a report card again." Oh yeah? How about both hands?

For the record, there's no difference between Bosnian and either Serbian or Croatian. But why shouldn't the Bosnians distinguish themselves? It seems the only thing that Serbs and Croats can agree upon is that they both hate the Bosnians enough to blast them with mortar shells, regardless of what they call their language. So it's no surprise that Bosnians prefer not to speak the language of the two persecuting powers, though, in fact, they do. The Bosnian secularist newspaper *Oslobodenje,* which somehow

RICK SEALOCK

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managed to keep publishing throughout the siege of Sarajevo, resolutely declares itself to be written in Bosnian. A French academic interloper, who was probably on a break from coining Gallic polysyllables to keep *Franglais* at bay, helpfully suggested that Bosnians call their tongue Bosno-Croat. The Bosnians turned down the offer, in each of the three languages simultaneously.

"THERE IS NO SUCH thing as Bosnian language," a Serbian cyber-nationalist declared on the Internet recently. "Is Serbian!" Ironically, he is half right. Serbia's answer to Noah Webster, Vuk Karadzic, the founder of literary Serbian, based the language on the dialect spoken in present-day Bosnia's Eastern Herzegovina, a dialect he regarded as "the purest Serbian," and wrote it in Cyrillic letters. A few years later, Ljudevit Gaj did the same job for Croatian, basing his language on the *exact same dialect*, but in Roman characters. So in origin, literary Croatian and Serbian are *both Bosnian*—or at least Herzegovinian.

But what do people in Bosnia speak? Well, Bosnian-Serb leader—and war criminal at large—Radovan Karadzic doesn't speak either the Serbian or Bosnian dialect. Though he now speaks with a hybrid Serbian/Bosnian accent, he actually speaks a dialect from his native Montenegro, the republic that is presently Serbia's sole partner in the shattered Yugoslav federation. (Montenegro is showing signs of restiveness; it can't be long before Montenegrins looking for a fight start mispronouncing "cookie.")

Muhamed Sacirbey, Bosnia's ambassador to the UN, maintains an urbane diplomacy. "Serbian, Croatian, and Bosnian are all official languages in Bosnia," he said, "but they're all pretty much the same. We call it Bosnian the same way people talk about the American language—it's still English."

While it all looks crazy to us outsiders, consider that in 1923, the Great State of Illinois decreed that its official language should be known thereafter as the *American* language, and not as the English language. After all, Noah Webster's *American Dictionary* was itself a deliberate attempt to establish an independence of language to go with political secession from Britain. He chose New England as his Eastern Herzegovina, the model for pronunciation.

The old joke has it that a language is a dialect with a navy. At least Bosnia and Herzegovina has an army. Though Illinois probably has a militia, it dropped back to speaking English like the rest of us in the 1960s. If Robert E. Lee had won in 1865, how long do you think Southerners would have accepted Boston Brahmin as the standard? They definitely had a navy. By now we'd probably be referring to a *Dictionary of the Confederate Language* to check on what the governor of Arkansas was saying.

There are old and hallowed precedents for language conflicts. Take Jepthah the Gileadite, who slew 42,000 Ephraimite refugees trying to flee ethnic cleansing. Since both of these warring parties spoke Hebrew—or shall we say Gileadite-Ephraimite—he cunningly asked them to say *shibboleth*, and anyone who said *sibboleth*, like the average Ephraimite, was dispatched to whichever part of hell is reserved for people who lisp.

Since then, linguists have used the term *shibboleth* to mean a linguistic indicator that distinguishes the seep from the goatth. After the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982, the Christian Phalangists skipped all the bits in the Bible about turning the other cheek and went straight to the parts full of smiting and slaying. They asked their victims to say "tomato" in Arabic. The Palestinians said *bandora* and the Lebanese said *banadoura*. We say "tomahto" and you say "tomayto," so we'll blow your head off. And thus, nation shall speak unto nation.

Of course, anyone who thinks the issue is peculiarly Balkan or Levantine need only look at the uncharitably snobbish outcry against New York secretary Victoria Drakoulis, a Queens resident who recorded the announcement for passengers exiting Gotham's yellow cabs. Drakoulis's dulcet New York tones were drowned out (and ultimately withdrawn) after a patrician outcry in the columns of the *New York Times*. Perhaps New Yorkers should exercise more caution when dealing with those threats of secession from Staten Island.—*Ian Williams*



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Ethics, Inc.

The Fat-Free Chips Are Down...and Out

WHEN THE FDA APPROVED PROCTER & GAMBLE'S gastronomic Frankenstein—the indigestible fat substitute olestra—for use in a variety of widely shoveled snack foods last January, ButtMasters went back into closets nationwide and the nation's dieters fell back into couch position.

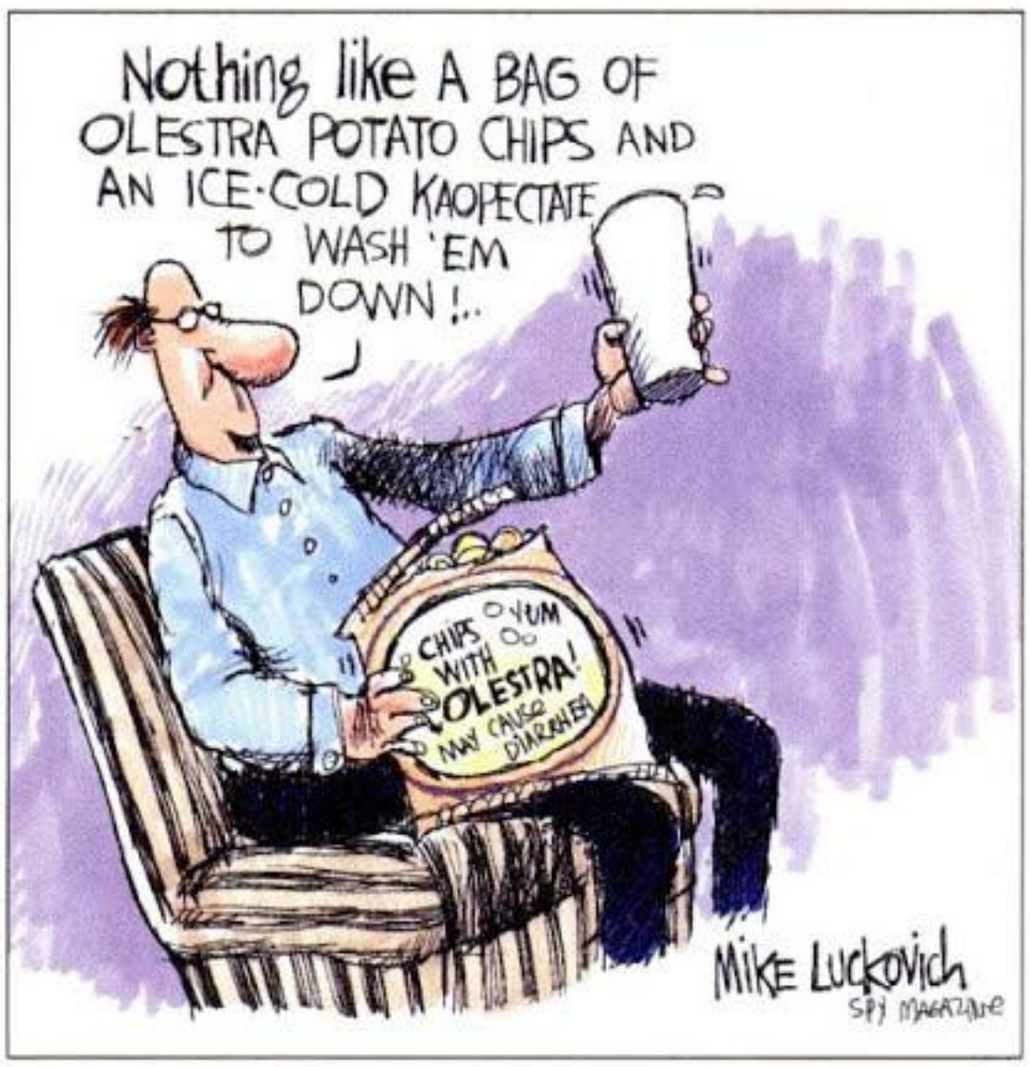
It reminds one of the FDA's 1983 approval of pharmaceutical giant G.D. Searle's poorly tested sugar substitute aspartame, marketed commercially as NutraSweet. Both of these faux foods have a slothful populace salivating at the prospect of a "no pain, no weight gain" lifestyle, but, safety-wise, questions remain as to whether these products are ready for prime-time consumption. Safety, though, seems of little concern to the FDA, which, in the venerable corporate tradition of using the American public as lab rats, greased its own regulatory wheels when multinationals came on the scene.

And as far as the fat-free fat olestra is concerned, grease is indeed the word. Olean—Procter & Gamble's trade name for olestra—is composed of giant lab-engineered fat molecules that cannot be broken down or absorbed, so they exit the body completely intact, of their own volition, as a stream of greasy liquid. A newer version attempts to reduce this "anal leakage." Good luck. Olestra, the no-cal fake fat, starts its road trip in your mouth and just cruises with the top down, taking out everything in its path, particularly the fat-soluble vitamins A, E, D, and K, and über-healthy carotenoids—such as beta-carotene, lycopene, lutein, and zeaxanthin—the nutrient pigments occurring naturally in deep-green, deep-red, and deep-orange fruits and vegetables. Other side effects include severe diarrhea, bone-crunching stomach cramps, nausea, bloating, flatulence, and the melodious "fecal urgency."

ACCORDING TO FDA commissioner David Kessler, last fall's olestra hearings established that the lab-engineered fat substitute carries a "reasonable certainty of no harm." One wonders what they'd make of a hand grenade missing its pin. Quoting numerous studies, Myra Karstadt, M.D., senior scientist at the Center for Science in the Public Interest, told the FDA that because olestra may cause clinical diarrhea, it could be a hazard to drivers—never mind train engineers and airplane pilots.

And next time you host the Super Bowl party, remember that it only takes 40 chips a day to induce diarrhea, according to Procter & Gamble's own studies. (No problem there—just keep the plastic covers on the sofa.) As little as 16 chips daily cuts blood levels of lutein (found in romaine lettuce) and lycopene (found mainly in tomatoes) by 20 percent and 60 percent, respectively. Studies of men strongly linked lycopene to a lowered risk of prostate cancer. Further, Harvard University epidemiologists Walter Willet and Meir Stampfer found that anything that lowers levels of lutein and zeaxanthin in the body may contribute to macular degeneration, an irreversible cause of blindness. Procter & Gamble's blanket non sequitur? *You don't eat carrot sticks with potato chips.* Oh yeah? Tell that to Marlon Brando.

Recognizing that Americans want to eat like the old Oprah yet look like the new Oprah, Procter & Gamble maintains that olestra will help a corpulent public lose weight. Go on, scarf down a family-sized bag of fat-free chips, solo. Sculpt a life-size model of Ricki Lake using all known varieties of fat-free Little Debbie snack cakes, then wolf it down in one sitting. Hell, why not embark on a mad hors d'oeuvres run and work your way through Wisconsin, the Cheese State, al-



MIKE LUCKOVICH

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lowing one box of fat-free crackers per cow?

BEFORE YOU BINGE, however, keep one thing in mind: Fat-free is hardly synonymous with calorie-free. "While snacks made with it [olestra] will be lower in calories," wrote CSPI's Dr. Karstadt in a March 1996 *Nutrition Action Healthletter* article on the dangers of olestra, "it won't mean a thing to the national waistline if people end up eating more chips and other snacks. And they will, if our experience with sugar substitutes is any guide." She noted that following the explosion of artificially sweetened foods in the 1980s, "sugar consumption actually rose" and "obesity rates jumped by 30 percent."

But no matter how bad olestra may be for your body, Procter & Gamble wants you to ingest lots of it. They're trying to recoup an investment of more than 20 years of research and $200 million, a hell of a lot of chips. So look for the streets of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Grand Junction, Colorado, and Eau Claire, Wisconsin, to become a lot more slippery; Frito-Lay is currently using these three cities as olestra test-marketing communities for Max brand potato and tortilla chips. P&G has been playing footsie with the FDA while public health sits locked in the den closet playing spin-the-bottle with the dog-faced boy. "By replacing the fat in snacks," said John Pepper, chairman and chief executive of Procter & Gamble, "Olean can help millions of Americans cut excess fat and move closer to achieving an important dietary health goal." If that goal is a nutritional striptease—robbing the body of essential nutrients like carotenoids—and digestive upheavals that make *Twister* look like a gentle spring breeze, then mission accomplished. Digestion: Impossible.

If you're perfectly comfortable with the idea of an oily liquid stream leaking out of your ass, then perhaps you've been washing down your chips with brain-tickling NutraSweet. The sugar substitute NutraSweet foreshadowed olestra, the fat substitute, by more than a decade, spotting itself a 10-year lead in consumer complaints. Scientists and consumers have alleged a barrage of side effects from NutraSweet, including altered brain function and behavioral changes, epileptic-like seizures, dizziness, headaches, and menstrual problems. Yet thus far, the courts have sided with parent company Monsanto and the FDA in lawsuits filed to halt its use.

The sweet-toothed American populace welcomed the prospect of a "miracle" sugar substitute that did not have saccharin's funky aftertaste. Monsanto played dating service and fixed up its hot commodity with all the right suitors: Diet Coke, Diet Pepsi, Diet Dr. Pepper, Dannon Light yogurt, and Trident sugarless gum, among others. Today, nearly every "sugar free" food and "diet" soft drink is made with NutraSweet. But according to *Prescription for Nutritional Healing*, by James F. Balch, M.D., and Phyllis A. Balch, C.N.C., that doesn't mean they are safe. One of aspartame's three ingredients, methanol, is converted by all human bodies into formaldehyde and formic acid, both of which have a toxic effect on the thymus gland, which regulates the immune system. Chemically speaking, it's as if image-conscious dieters, in their quest for weight loss, were sucking on the toe of a corpse "just for the taste of it."

And the scientific community has hardly given NutraSweet its safety imprimatur. Arizona State University's biochemistry department conducted research that has "associated" NutraSweet with seizures. Another study conducted with rats initially observed an increased risk of brain tumors from Monsanto's Nutra-Sweet; a follow-up found it did not. Turns out the exacting second experiment used a different strain of rat, and the results have been inconclusive. The fact that these studies leave the question open is not a ringing endorsement of Diet Pepsi.

Aspartame is also used as a sweetener in nonprescription pharmaceuticals such as multivitamins and laxatives to make them more palatable. Would that it were a spoonful of real sugar to help the medicine go down.—*Julie Rauer*



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The Industry

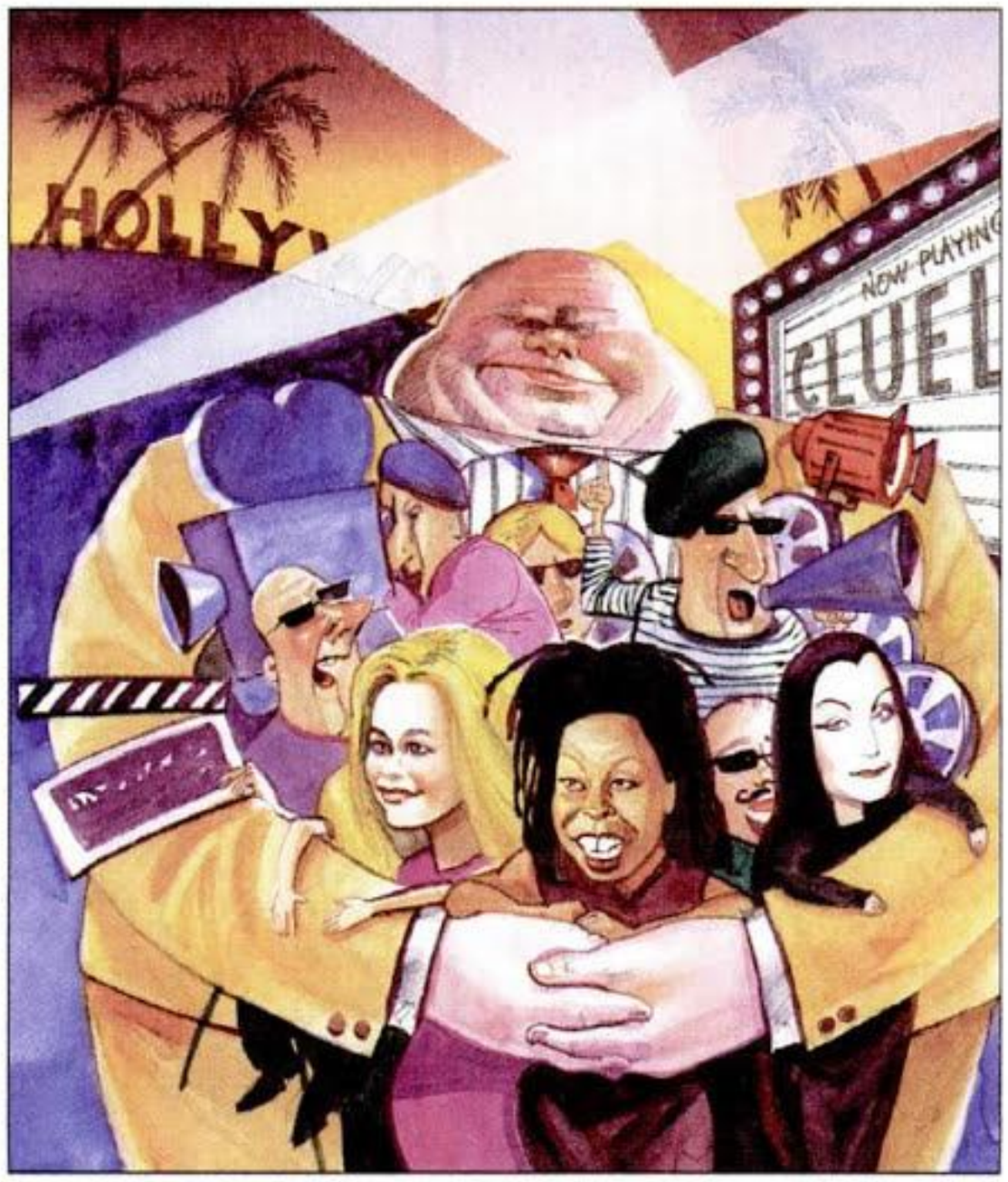
Jaws 5: The Great White Fat Guy

IN THE OLD DAYS, PORCINE PRODUCER Scott Rudin ate wads of string cheese—served posthaste by one of his browbeaten brownnosers—between his steak lunch at Morton's and his steak dinner at Morton's. Now the tubby titan is watching his weight, gobbling Lean Cuisine meals and chasing them down with mineral water. But though Rudin may tread lighter on the scale, pound-for-pound he's still the "Biggest Asshole in Hollywood."

And he's getting bigger; every inch Rudin has lost around his thighs seems to have been added to his insidious reach. He still has fat fingers, though, and in the next few months, their prints are going to be all over movies at theaters near you. Rudin's 1996 blitzkrieg will include *Ransom*, *First Wives' Club*, *Mother*, and *Marvin's Room*, two already showing and the other two in postproduction. Two more are in preproduction. Even director-in-serious-need-of-a-hit Spike Lee puckered up and asked Rudin to produce his next "joint." And as if bringing his successful but shallow schlock to movie theaters wasn't enough, Rudin is also blackening the Great White Way with bad karma. He is the producer of two current Broadway hits, *Seven Guitars* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.*

Call him the Great White Shark. Rudin, the ultra-aggressive producer of *The Firm*, *Nobody's Fool*, and the *Addams Family* and *Sister Act* movies, among many others, was an inspiration for the sadistic megalomaniacal studio boss Buddy Ackerman in George Huang's 1995 sleeper *Swimming with Sharks.* And that was a flattering portrait. Much of Rudin's behavior was too over the top to be believed, says Huang. "I'm best friends with several of Rudin's former assistants," Huang told SPY. "I couldn't put all the Rudin stories in the film because people wouldn't believe them. They were too extreme—they would look like slapstick."

But to Rudin's terrified lackeys, it was no comedy. "I saw *Swimming with Sharks* after my third day of work," said Wayne [not his real name], a former assistant, "and believe me, he's worse than the movie. In real life, he has very little rapport with his assistants and is even more manipulative than Buddy Ackerman. And he's definitely thrown bagels at me across the room."



HALSTEAD HANNAH

WHEN NOT TOSSING things at people, Rudin likes to hurl office supplies. And anything else that's handy, like video tapes, paper, even his Amtel machine, the obnoxious interoffice memo device that, like e-mail, sends messages on-screen. (His favorite request, pre-diet: "String cheese NOW!") Former assistants recall that the boss had a relentless habit of calling at 6:00 A.M. and again at 9:00 P.M. to make sure everyone was in the office. "He wanted to create complete subservience," said Terry [not his real name], another former employee. And it wasn't out of the ordinary for him to place 3:00 A.M. calls to his sleeping minions, demanding that they run his errands—one mortified female assistant recently had the unpleasant duty of buying underwear for *Ransom* writer Richard Price, a gift from Rudin.

"Rudin has three assistants," said Terry, describing the office hierarchy. "The first has all the day-to-day responsibility. He's been there the longest. The second mans the phones: taking calls and placing them. The third is the

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driver or runner, and does all of the errands. It's the second who gets murdered all the time. It's a job that can't be done, a recipe for insanity. So the driver moves up and gets sucked in. I got the second assistant job when the guy before me quit after one day." The dreaded second slot requires a quick hand and a masterful memory. "Once I went into his office with the phone list," said Terry. "He'd pull you in when he wanted to yell at you. He blurted out 30 names faster than anyone could write. He made me read them back, and when I missed a name he said, 'That's it—I'm going to flip my desk over.' Then he took the phone list and started tearing it up and throwing the pages all over the office. He threw pens at me and then tried to flip his desk over—and couldn't. That's when I said, 'I'm out of here.' "

UNLIKE HIS DESK, Rudin's office is familiar with the concept of turnover. "Rudin used to fire someone every day," said Terry, "calling us a bunch of incompetents." In one 15-month period, he ran through 30 assistants. "He fired me 10 times when I was there," said Terry, "and fired the whole office once—then came back and asked for more string cheese. I learned nothing on that job."

Rudin is notorious for muscling and manipulating everyone on the film food-chain, from directors and talent on down. When he produces a movie, he demands complete control and prefers fawning and bootlicking. Rudin's morale-building litany includes: "My silence is high praise"; "Why doesn't everyone just do what I say?"; "Don't ever fucking think—I hired you from the neck down"; "You are Quaaludes with skin"; "This is a new level of stupid"; and "You have three things to do: answer the phone, listen to me, and die."

In 1993, journalist Philip Weiss speculated that Rudin "would rein in Fellini with a million demands, every one brilliant, every one soulless." Rudin himself would probably agree; he's been quoted as saying, "It wouldn't be a big deal" if he never saw another film. Doubtful he could say the same for M&Ms.—*Celia Brady*

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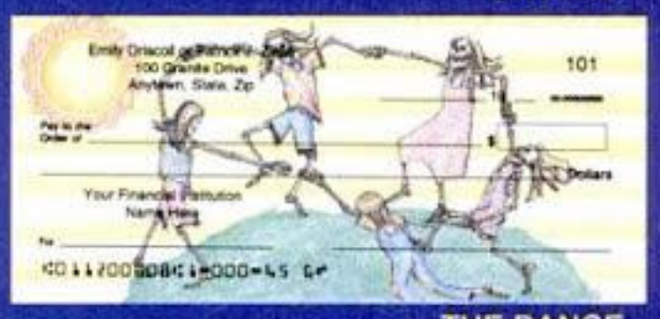
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The Top 40 Embarrassing Faux Pas That Killed Rock 'n' Roll

By Bruno Maddox

Rock

The Autopsy

It's 1955 and there is no rock. In a malt shop on Main Street, a teenager jumps up on the counter and silently wiggles his bottom. An insurance salesman's daughter stares up at the window where her crush is sleeping and tunelessly moans, "Oooh! Oooh!" A postal worker runs out into the street screaming that he can't get any satisfaction.

The soul of a giddy nation seethes with embarrassing behavior that only a madman or an idiot would think of executing. Something has to change, and in 1956 it does. They invent rock.

America had always had its sports heroes, of course—the Yankee Clipper, the Four Horsemen, the putter-happy Bob Hope—whose job it was to satisfy the working stiff's pathetic fantasies of glory and success. But something was missing. Ugly sports heroes like Roger Maris and George Mikan didn't play the piano with their feet, they didn't pose naked for their rookie cards, and they didn't have the common courtesy to yell "Goodnight, Boston!" when their working day was done.

"Self-expression" was the new hot issue, and in Elvis, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, and Co., America found every snake-hipped shimmy and bloodcurdling lupine yelp it had been looking for. All the embarrassing behavior that had been pent up for so long we learned to enjoy vicariously through the onstage and recorded antics of musical celebrities. We painted our dad's brown suede shoes blue and prayed for some poor soul to step on them. "Awop babalubomp, awop bam boom" had been on the tip of our collective tongue, we discovered, for decades. We gladly shelled out 50 bucks, time and time again, for the privilege of watching some five-foot-nothing transvestite mince around on a stage about a half mile

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40. "Bruno" Willis

Anybody could play rock. You didn't need to have a bearded piano teacher, you didn't need to be able to spell, or dance, or even sing. All you needed was a dream—and, perhaps, enough cash to buy your own international burger franchise where you could blow tuneless versions of "Angie" into the wrong side of your harmonica. So dismal were Willis' early offerings, it seemed inconceivable that he could ever have his musical oeuvre cheapened by the addition of a Yokoish wife (see Yoko). But incredibly, that's exactly what happened.

ROLL

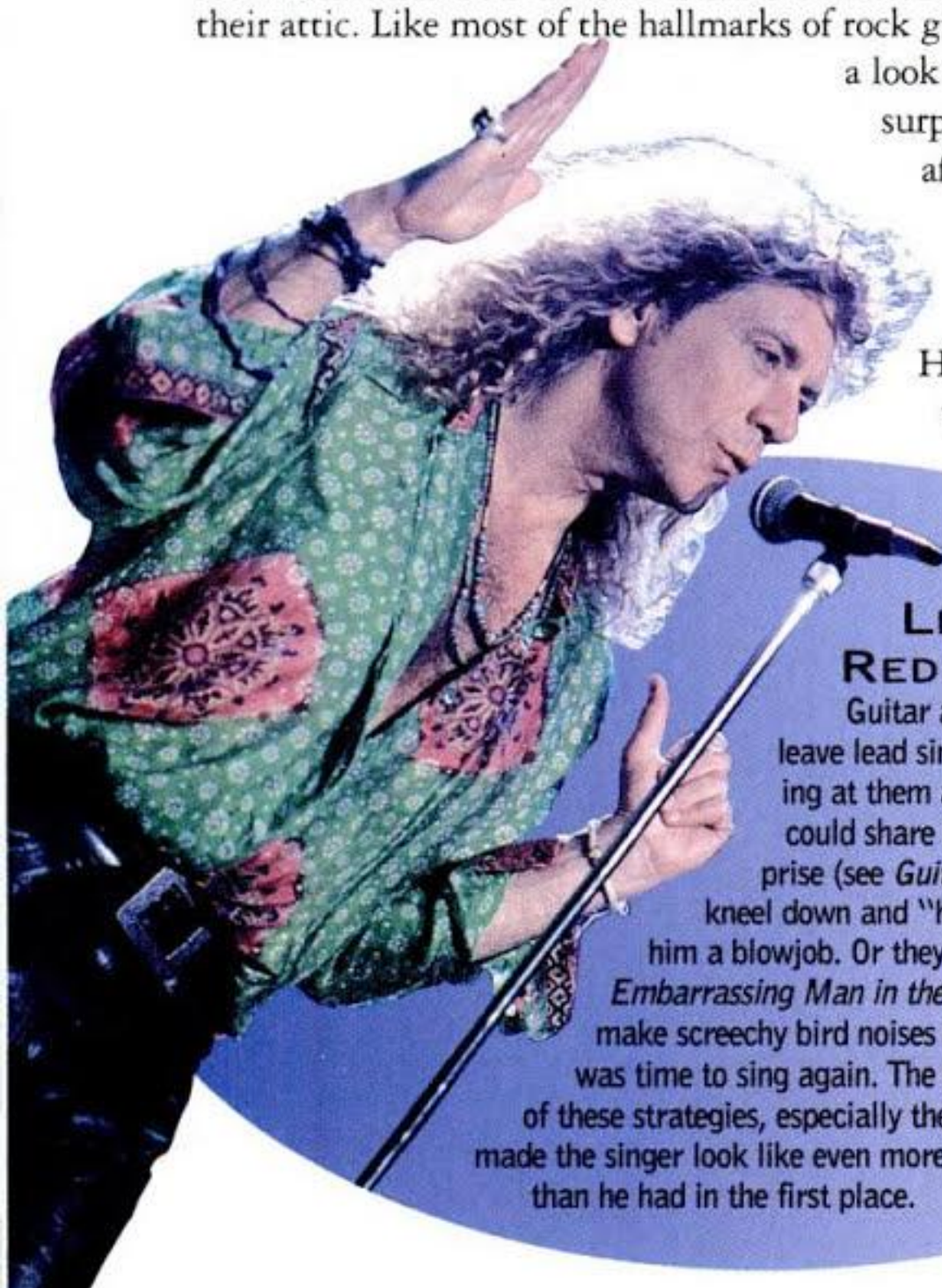
away. It was only "rock 'n' roll," apparently, but we liked it.

Sadly though, rock stars never seemed to realize how thin was the ice on which they strutted. Sure, we wanted them to do embarrassing stuff—lots of it!—but if ever they crossed that blurry line into pointless self-aggrandizement, we had a serious problem. Whenever they started getting cutesy, pretentious, or self-conscious, it made *us* feel embarrassed. Seeing as the whole point of having rock stars in the first place was to save us from embarrassment, indulgences such as That 'Round-the-Neck Harmonica Apparatus eventually made us wonder whether rock wasn't something we could stick in the attic, along with Grandma's flapper hat and all the other useless tchotchkes that had outlived their purpose.

On the 40th anniversary of the birth of rock—the year Bill Haley released "Rock Around the Clock," James Brown signed his first record contract, and Elvis made his major-label debut with "Heartbreak Hotel"—SPY's team of lab-coated Quincies took it upon themselves to dissect the corpse of the twentieth century's dominant musical idea and fish out the different strains of embarrassment that killed it. Coming in at number 40...

39. Guitar Solo "Surprise"

Neurologically, there was never any excuse for the Eddie Van Halens and Steve Vais of this world to be jaw-droppingly shocked at a passage of their own particularly fast fingering. And yet there they were, clogging the cover of *Whammy Bar Weekly* looking like someone had just found an ancient Mayan ruin in their attic. Like most of the hallmarks of rock guitar, wearing a look of constant surprise was an affectation lifted from the late, great Jimi Hendrix—who was genuinely surprised every 25 seconds of his acid-drenched life by the moon exploding or one of his limbs falling off.



38. Lead Singer Redundancy

Guitar and drum solos could often leave lead singers with 70,000 people staring at them and nothing to do but fidget. They could share in a soloing guitarist's fake surprise (see *Guitar Solo "Surprise"*). They could kneel down and "help out" by pretending to give him a blowjob. Or they could do what *The Most Embarrassing Man in the World: Robert Plant* did and make screechy bird noises into the microphone until it was time to sing again. The massive problem with all of these strategies, especially the last, was that they made the singer look like even more of a dork than he had in the first place.

37. That 'Round-the-Neck Harmonica Apparatus

Using one of those things that let you play the harmonica while you strummed your guitar was okay if you were hustling for change on the sidewalk, but as soon as you had more than $10 in your bank account, you could surely find someone who could hold it for you.

36. Uplifting Rap

For all hip-hop's distasteful boasting about its stars having grown up on the mean streetz, and thereby having a social duty to write songs about spraying suckas' brains over piles of dead prostitutes, the bottom line is that the word "motherfucker" just happens to be more satisfying than "monkeyfinger." When artists like Coolio and Arrested Development wrote songs about being a good dad or "dissing" U.S. policy in Yugoslavia, therefore, the genre took a decisive, though thankfully brief, step away from funkiness. If we wanted to hear tunes about gardening, zoning meetings, or the Dewey decimal system, we could always turn to the likes of Peter, Paul, and Mary (See *Peter, Paul, and Mary*). Whichever way you slice it, "Other sucker" just doesn't rhyme with "demilitarized zone."

35. "Trained Singer" Hand Gestures

One finger went in your ear (see Robin Gibb, right), while the index finger of the other hand traced court-jestery tumbling motions in the air to clue everyone in that you had, at some point in your remarkable life, taken singing lessons. It was a trick you seemed to need very badly at the talent level of a Mariah Carey or a Boyz II Men, but not at all if you were the fattest member of the world-renowned Three Tenors, as was, say, Luciano Pavarotti.

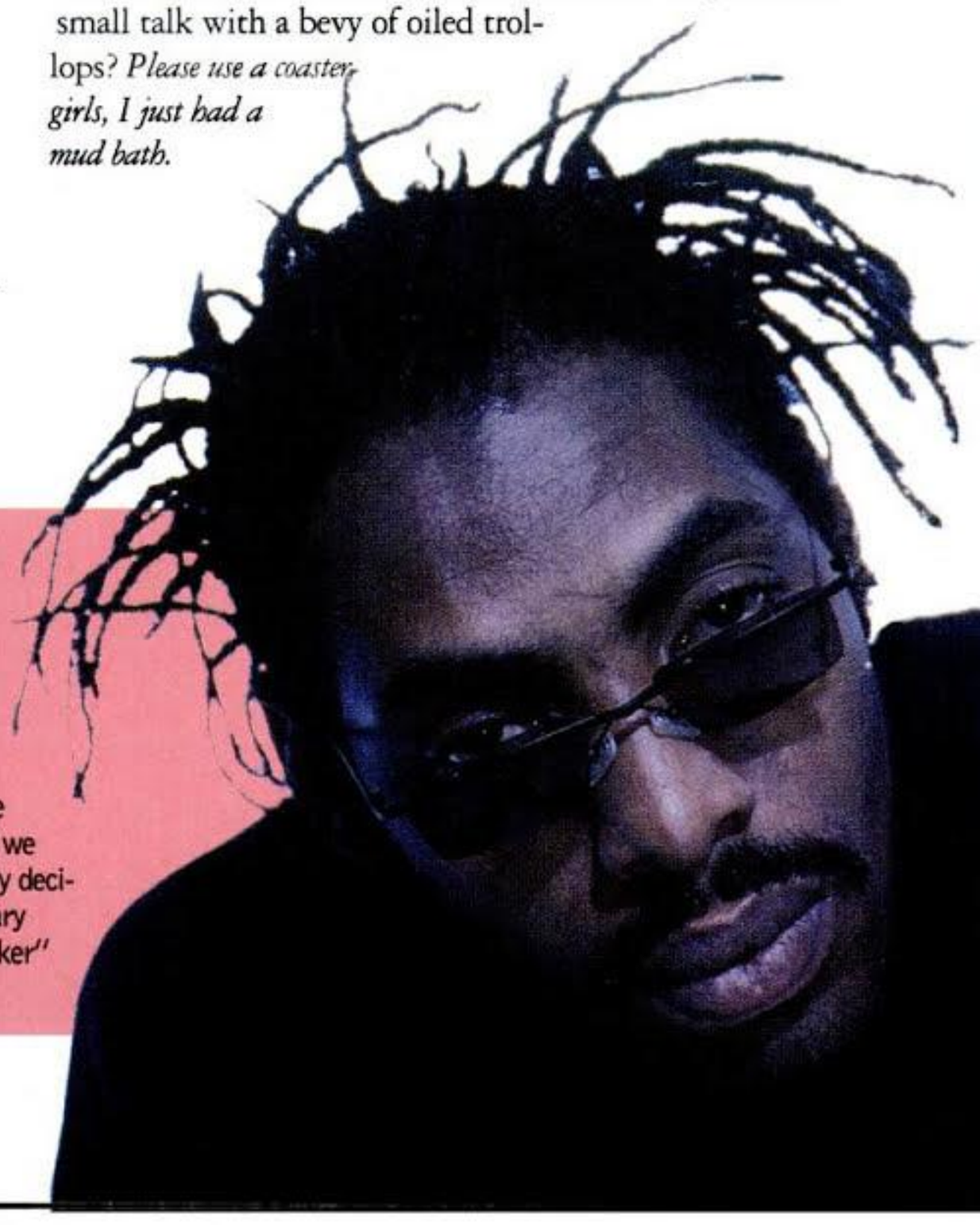


34. Men with Really High Voices

Neil Young, Aaron Neville, Robin Gibb, Christopher Cross, Michael McDonald, Robert Plant. Not so much men, more like *women*, these "fellas" induced precisely the same flavor of embarrassment, funnily enough, that one feels upon meeting a man *at a cocktail party* who has a really high voice.

33. Surrounding Yourself with Chicks

Physics sets an upper limit on the number of massive-breasted ladies that can simultaneously make contact with a single male sitting in a hot tub or sprawled on red satin sheets—a figure gleefully nailed by 2 Live Crew founder Luther "Luke" Campbell on the cover of his 1994 album, *Freak for Life, 6996*. Talk about awkward situations: How do you make small talk with a bevy of oiled trollops? *Please use a coaster, girls, I just had a mud bath.*



32. "How I'm Doing" Album Titles

•Paul Simon's *Still Crazy After All These Years* [Still short as well, but now with a wig!]

•Melissa Etheridge's *Yes I Am* [a practicing lesbian]

•George Michael's pissily titled *Older* [than he was when you didn't buy his last album, the pissily titled *Listen Without Prejudice, Vol. 1*]

Rock megastars tended to swing Mickey Rourke–ish fists if ever someone photographed them wearing glasses in a supermarket, but somehow it was okay for them to use their album titles to trumpet to the world that they were temporarily on or off heroin.

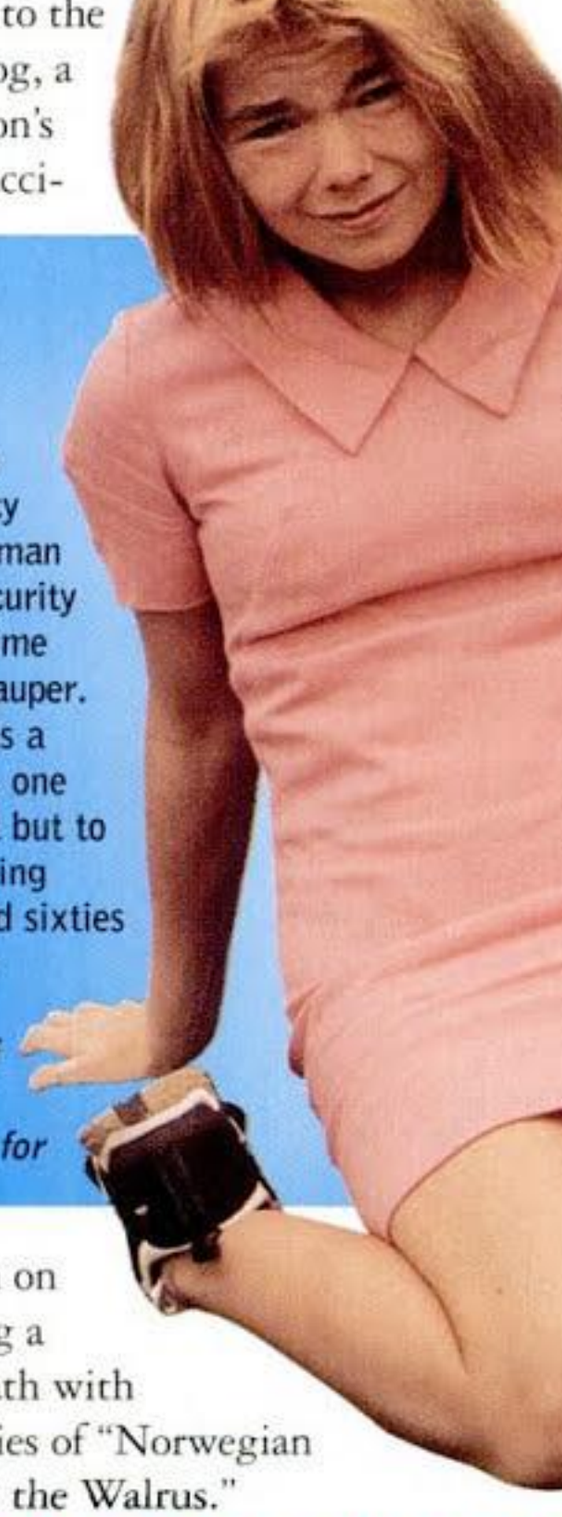
31. Equating Songs with Children

•"Songs are like children—you can't pick a favorite."—*Frank Sinatra*

•"These songs are like my babies."
—*Motown founder Berry Gordy*

•"Brandon's the best song I have ever written."
—*Rocker Tommy Lee of newborn son*

Eventually, it would take a tragedy for the public to realize how seriously the rock community was buying into the equation of songs with children. Several weeks after Michael Jackson bought the rights to the Beatles song catalog, a gardener on Jackson's Neverland estate acci-



dentally walked in on the singer enjoying a flavored bubble bath with leather-bound copies of "Norwegian Wood" and "I Am the Walrus."

30. Short, Oddball Women

Icelandic pixie Bjork filled the cultural vacancy for a Short, Oddball Woman left by the slide into obscurity of squeaky-voiced part-time wrestling coach Cyndi Lauper.

In order to qualify as a Short, Oddball Woman, one had not only to *be* short but to master the trick of looking short on TV. Lauper and sixties enfant terrible Melanie both managed it through judicious use of the oversize trademark hat (see *The Same Hat for 20 Years*), while Bjork opted for oversize trademark pigtails and a dress that, on TV at least, appeared to be an unaltered, regular-size pillowcase.

The other, and much more embarrassing, thing you had to do was speak rapidly in baby talk about bizarre, Oddball stuff. This was no problem for Bjork, hailing as she did from Iceland, but Melanie and Lauper both had to fake it. Speaking baby talk is a fairly embarrassing thing to do even when one is talking to a baby. But on the world stage, it was simply excruciating.

28. Literary Allusions

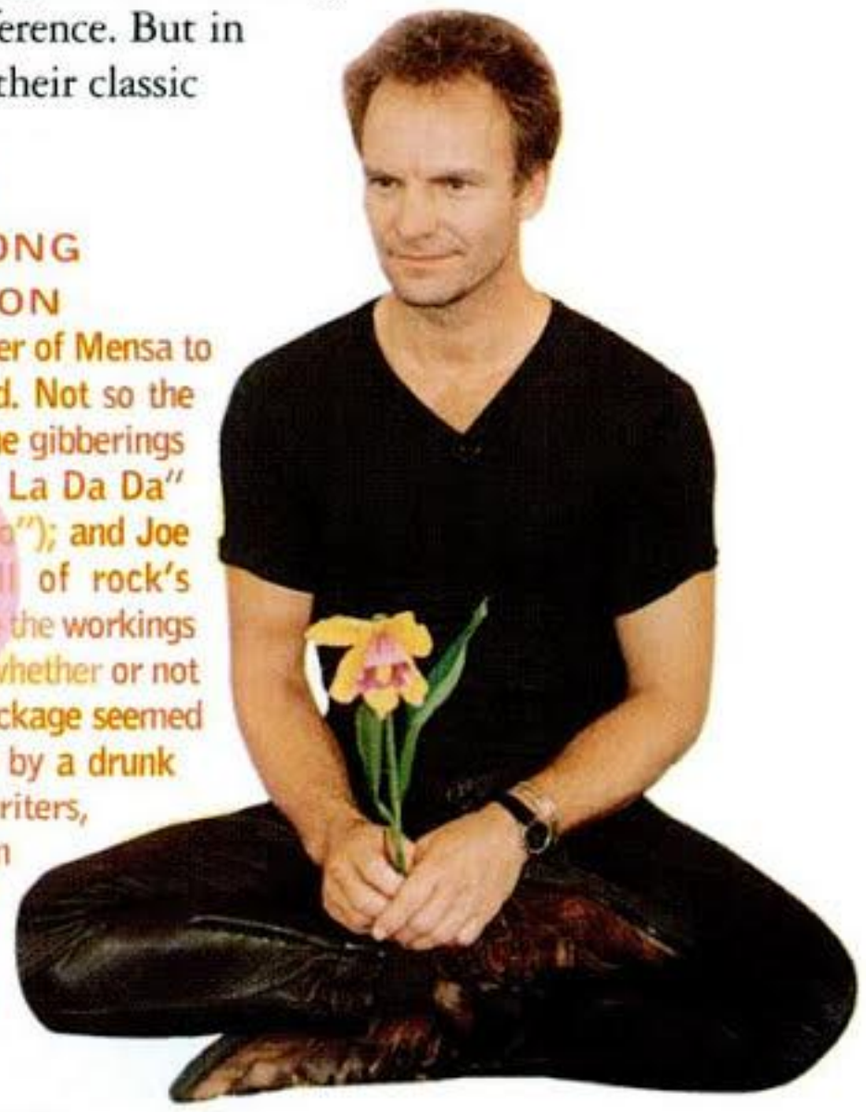
Unless they were quoting either *James and the Giant Peach* or the Cliffs Notes to *Moby Dick*, rock stars could bank on the fact that 90 percent of their audience had no idea what they were talking about when they dropped a literary reference. But in their classic "Don't Stand So Close to Me," famously well-hung English rockers, The Police, would not be denied.

"Just like that old man in that book by Nabokov."

It's a brilliantly effective moment. Either you've read *Lolita*, and geekily beat yourself up for having no memory of Humbert Humbert having a distinctive cough; or you haven't read *Lolita*, and you beat yourself up for that. Either way, former English teacher Sting comes up smelling like a genius, rather than like a man who couldn't make it as an English teacher because he couldn't remember what all the books were about.

29. The Nonsense Song Sung by a Moron

You didn't have to be a member of Mensa to sing a nonsense song—but it helped. Not so the nonsense song sung by a moron. In the gibberings of Crystal Waters (that "La Da De, La Da Da" song); Ringo Starr ("Back Off Boogaloo"); and Joe Dolce ("Shadduppa You Face"), all of rock's evil machinery was laid instantly bare like the workings of a see-through Swatch. In every case, whether or not it was actually true, the whole song package seemed clearly to have been thrown together by a drunk and deeply cynical cartel of songwriters, managers, and producers, with an unsuspecting stooge grafted on at the eleventh hour to sing the darn thing.



27. Garth Brooks Flying

Who wouldn't be moved by the prospect of flying? A man of stone, to be sure; perhaps a pilot. The newly solo David Lee Roth riding a giant flying surfboard to the stage during his 1988 *Skyscraper* tour was a magnificent sight. And when loose-limbed former child star

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Marlboro

Michael Jackson strapped on a jet pack and vertically departed the stadia of his 1992 *Dangerous* tour, it was a punchy metonym not merely of his alienation from pedestrian society but of his monstrous disposable income.

Significantly less evocative, however, was the aerial persona of country-music colossus Garth Brooks, who tried to win himself a rock audience by flying around during his 1992 world tour. He didn't look comfortable up there; the audience didn't feel comfortable looking up at him. The dress restrictions of country music had forced Brooks to take to the air as a plump hat-wearing cowboy. Who just happened to be able to fly.



26. Yngwie J. Malmsteen

Exploding into the eighties with tracks such as "I Am a Viking" and "Icarus Suite Opus IV," speed-metal guitar virtuoso Yngwie (ING-vay) J. Malmsteen established himself overnight as a deeply Swedish, utterly humorless champion of the neoclassical tradition in rock. Part genius, part madman, part stupid man, the tubby, ringletted Malmsteen taught the world what an embarrassing tool a rock persona could be when it fell into the wrong hands.

Convinced that he was the deepest Swede since Ingmar Bergman, Malmsteen molded his image after the tormented wunderkinder of classical music. Nobody bought it. Even midwestern metal-heads knew that if a song was titled "Melancholy Part 9," there were theoretically meant to be at least eight other parts to it somewhere. And with Yngwie, there never were.

Undeterred, Malmsteen remained stubbornly committed to the classical notion of the auteur. He designed his own sleeve art. He commissioned a tailor to make him a fringed leather version of F. Murray Abraham's costume in the movie *Amadeus*. And he wrote his own lyrics. One stanza in particular, from "As Above, So Below" on the *Rising Force* album, painted the world a harrowing picture of a lonely viking's descent to the Lyricist section of the Yellow Pages:

There's a hole in the sky
But don't ask me why,
Because I don't know.

25. Fans of "World" Music

Does 15 bucks' worth of dissonant wailing from Burkina Faso about a man failing to get a good price for his goat have any, as world buffs would put it, "universal resonance?" No. It doesn't. But that didn't stop a legion of bespectacled student types from stirring up huge pots of lentils and fetishizing each and every rain forest rumba or veldt vamp that was performed in a language other than English. But the joke was firmly on the world music fan. The genre's dirty little secret was that every desperately ambitious Ghanaian teenager with half a brain knew that the easiest way to end up with a car and his own dung-powered Mortal Kombat machine was to secretly tape the rantings of the local gasoline sniffer and release them under the stage name Nbongo Mfatwah. Infinitely easier than reinventing himself as a ducktailed crooner named Johnny Valentine and trying to write proper songs in English, anyway.

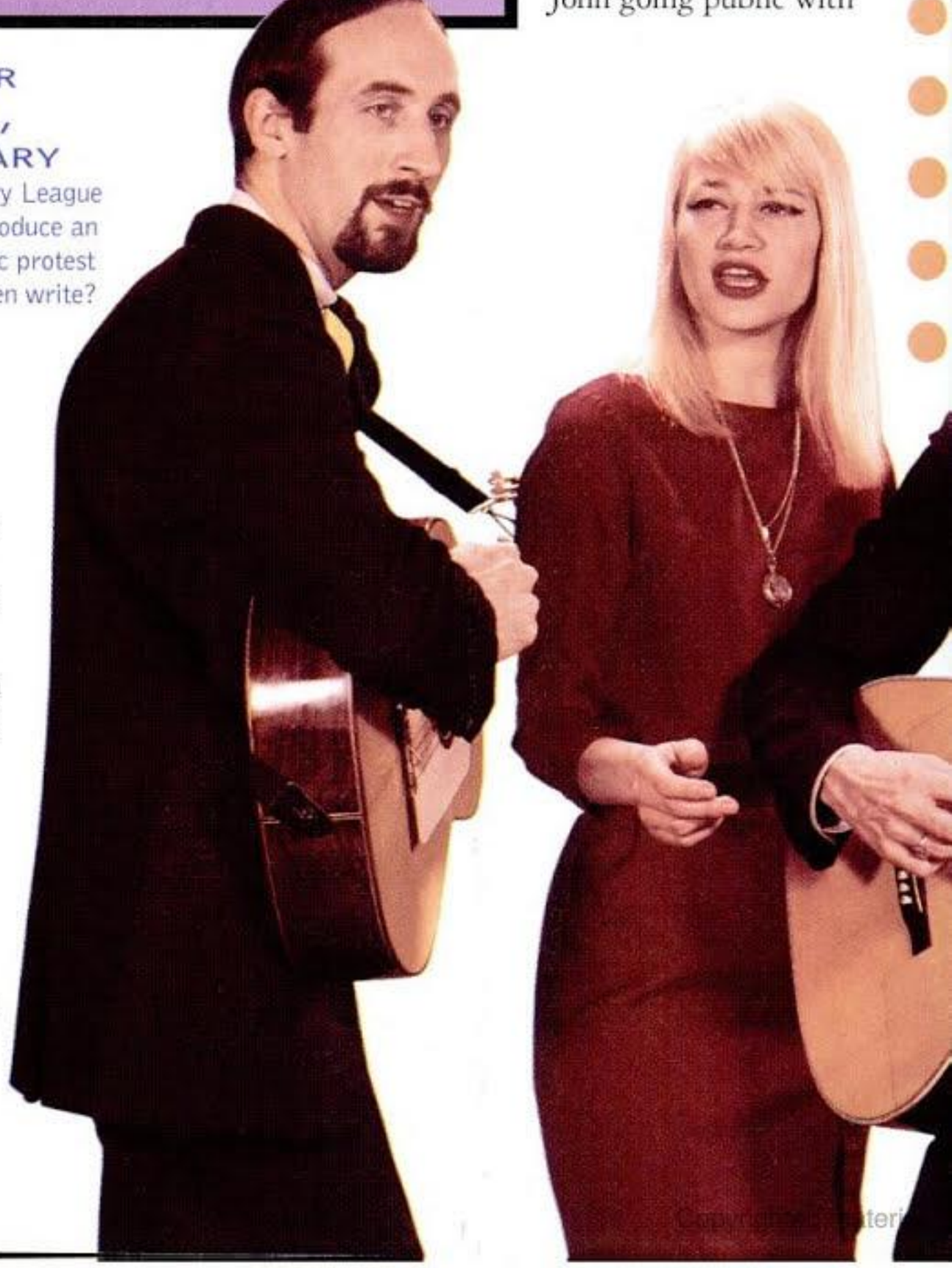
24. Yoko

Nobody ever felt embarrassed for Yoko Ono. She looked, after all, like a person who deep down knew she was talentless but had hit upon a sensible, zeitgeist-friendly scheme for not being a waitress all her life. Recipes for transcendental tuna salad, films of men's tushies: she called it art, we called it dinner and a movie.

No, it was John that one really felt for. The greatest cynic of his age seduced by a load of old twaddle simply because its author wasn't part of the white-male establishment. For Lennon fans worldwide, his 11-year marriage to Yoko was littered with difficult moments: the couple holing themselves up in the Amsterdam Hilton, room-servicing "peace"; John applying a stethoscope to Dick Cavett's forehead to see if, as Yoko had predicted in her latest book, he'd be able to hear cool stuff; John going public with

23. Peter
22. Paul,
21. and Mary

How many earnest Ivy League folkies does it take to produce an endless string of acoustic protest songs that they didn't even write? Three!



his opinion that the greatest rock 'n' roll song *ever* was Yoko Ono's "Don't Worry Kyoto (Mummy's Only Looking for a Hand in the Snow)."

John eventually made such a fool of himself that fans began to wonder if back in the days when he'd seemed so sharp, he might actually have been spouting savage, meaningless sarcasm. (See *Savage, Meaningless Sarcasm.*)

20. Micromanaging Your Drummer's Dorky Personality

Richard Starkey was a huge white piece of paper screaming to be scribbled on. From the day "Ringo Starr" joined the Beatles in 1962, John Lennon and Paul McCartney instituted a policy of making Ringo look like a no-talent goofball. As Ringo himself was forced to declare in 1965's "Act Naturally":

They're going to put me in the movies./They're going to make a big star out of me./I'm playing the part of a man who's sad and lonely./And all I have to do is...act naturally.

Lest anyone forget that Ringo was essentially just a tiny piece of human rubber worn thin between two massive talents, John and Paul continued to pressure their loyal skinsman to incriminate himself as a low-energy misfit in tracks like 1969's "Octopus Garden":

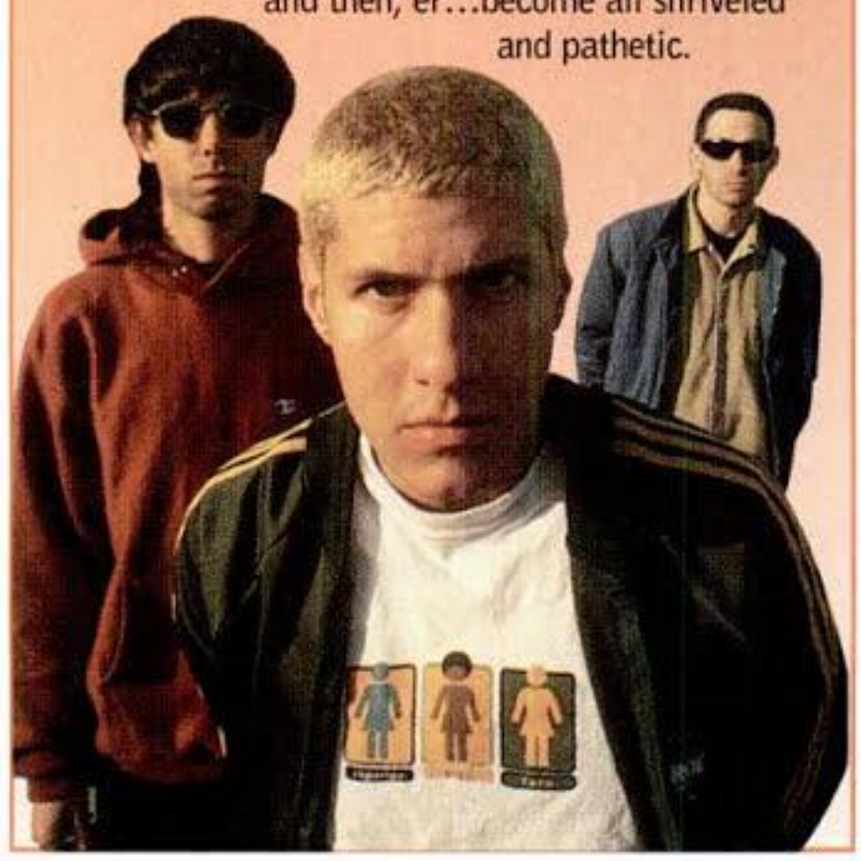
I'd like to be,
Under the sea,
In an octopus's garden,
In the shade.

In the shade is where Ringo remained, hauled back into the limelight only occasionally for further doses of public humiliation until the band's breakup in 1971.

And the gimmick caught on. Led Zeppelin's 1976 film, *The Song Remains the Same*, was punctuated by dream sequences, one for each member of the quartet. But while Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, and John Paul Jones spent their soft-focus vignettes contemplating runes, having sex with girls, and wielding massive swords (see *The World's Most Embarrassing Man: Robert Plant*), drummer John Bonham was consigned to an utterly realistic rain-swept English cattle farm where he drove a tractor, stomped about in mud, and generally tended to cows. Four years later, Bonham drank 50 whiskeys in one sitting and died, further cementing Page and Plant's positions in the pantheon of rock geniuses.

19. Huge Inflatable Anythings (That Don't Move)

The rhythm of large-scale static pneumatics simply didn't jibe well with the driving beat of rock 'n' roll. While Pink Floyd's famous flying pig was genuinely awesome as only a giant flying pig can be, that was because it flew! In the big arena shows of the eighties, however, the fashion was for something giantly lascivious to unfold, jiggle around for the duration of a song, and then collapse in on itself with awesome predictability. For the Rolling Stones, it was a pair of 100-foot-tall honky-tonk floozies. For the Beastie Boys, it was a giant penis. But for the audience, these shenanigans were always uncomfortably resonant of rock stardom itself: make yourself as huge as you possibly can and then, er...become all shriveled and pathetic.



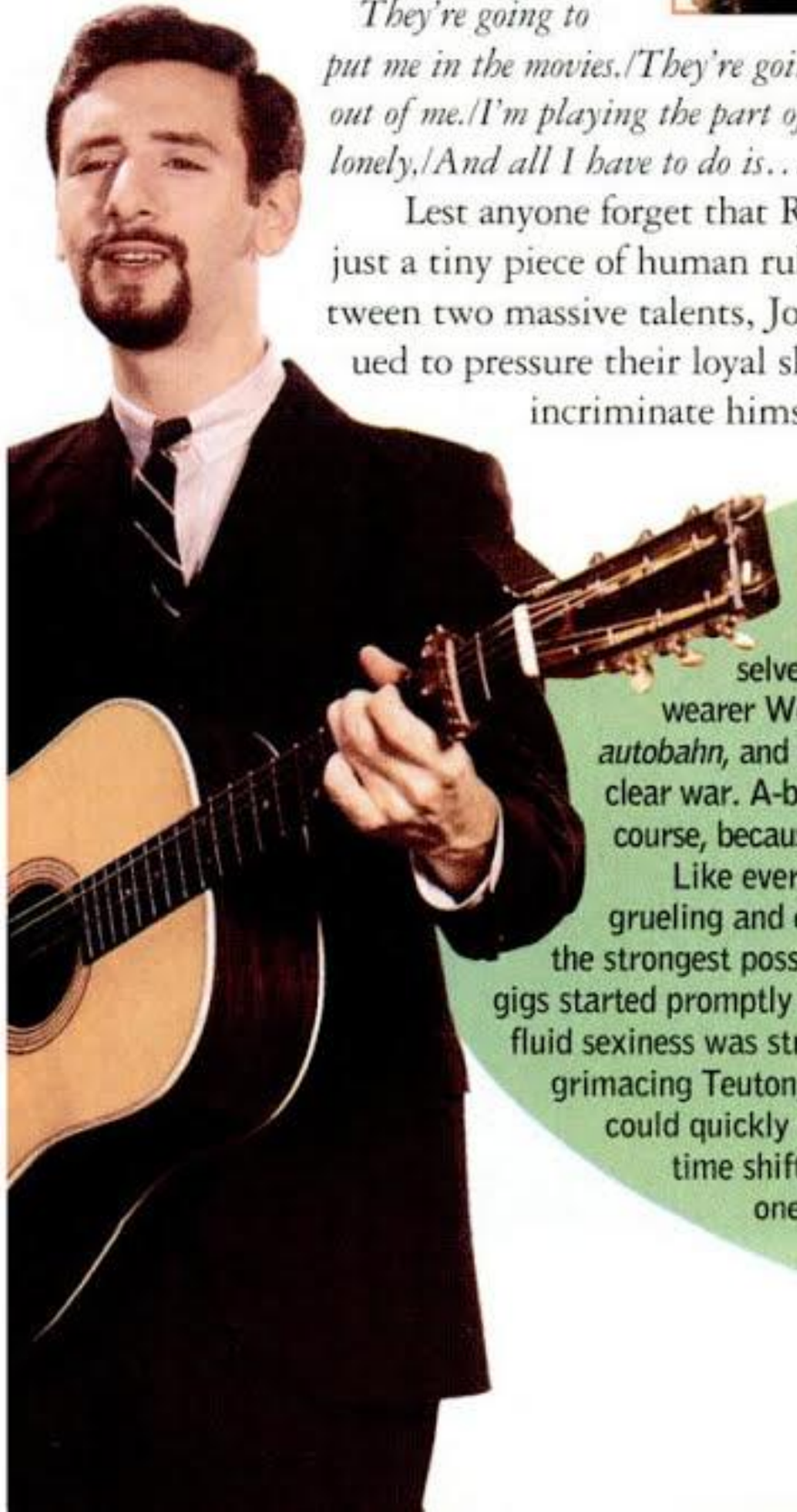
17. Hip-Hop Acronyms for Their Own Sake

E.P.M.D. stood for "Eric and Parish Making Dollars," K.R.S-O.N.E. stood for "Knowledge Reigns Supreme—Over Nearly Everything"; Junior M.A.F.I.A.

18. Germans

If rock was a big global family, then Germany was the self-hating younger brother who tried too hard to fit in with your cool friends. All they could talk about was themselves: Falco sang about Austro-German wig-wearer Wolfgang A. Mozart, Kraftwerk about *der autobahn*, and new-wave flash-in-the-pan Nena about nuclear war. A-bombs were a favorite German topic, of course, because no one would let them have any.

Like everything else, Germans liked their rock grueling and effortful. "Rock" was mentioned in the strongest possible terms (see *Mentioning Rock*), gigs started promptly at half past seven, and any form of fluid sexiness was strictly *verboten*. In the hands of a grimacing Teuton, the world's most enjoyable job could quickly come to resemble one of those overtime shifts at the bottom of a coal mine that one is forced to resort to when one's two-year-old badly needs a heart and lung transplant.





stood for "Junior Masters At Finding Intelligent Attitudes." In short, when devising names for themselves or for their "crews," rappers would start with a word or a selection of letters that pleased them, and then work backwards to figure out what the letters stood for. Though there are all sorts of ways of making yourself look cool, referring to yourself as D.A.V.E. instead of just Dave must surely rank at the very bottom.

15. Devil Stuff

Satan worked in mysterious ways when it came to rock. His carefully hidden backwards messages did less to make you want to kill yourself than did the airbrushed sleeve art of the band's bassist cavorting in a pentagram with a sacrificial chicken.

16. The 1992 Presidential Campaign

History, they say, is written by the victors. And as you would expect, historians are duly unanimous that George Bush vamping air guitar with Republican capo Lee Atwater was immeasurably more embarrassing than Bill Clinton blowing sax on *Arsenio*. It was a huge battle of the bands, with the winner awarded leadership of the free world. (Ross Perot got as far as wiggling his ears to Patsy Cline's "Crazy.") The fact that Clinton was wearing wraparound sunglasses indoors, at night, for his performance seems to have ended up on history's cutting-room floor. So, too, did the fact that the Clintons and Gores cutting the rug to Fleetwood Mac's "Don't Stop Thinkin' About Tomorrow" at the '92 Democratic Convention marked the moment at which rock actually died.



14. Zoo TV

Fifteen years after every other band in the world had flirted with the idea of an endless bank of TV screens blipping faux subliminal messages at their audience as a cheesy commentary on modern media mind control, U2 made an entire *world tour* out of it. Bono strutted around in a pair of sunglasses, pointed a camcorder at himself like an adoring fan, had hysterical teenage girls brought up on stage only to be dragged away, and made lengthy speeches about what a huge megastar he was—all, apparently, to *parody* the egotism and knee-jerk idolatry inherent to rock. The only problem was, of course, that this was how Bono had always behaved anyway.

12. Romeo and Juliet

Love's a funny thing. One minute you're up, the next you're down, the next you get confused over the exact terms of the suicide pact you thought you and your lover had an implicit understanding about, and you accidentally kill yourself. To the rock musician, however—to Dire Straits and Sammy Hagar and Madonna and Bruce Springsteen—Shakespeare's masterpiece of moribund love boiled down to a pair of irresistible factoids

a) Romeo and Juliet were teenagers, and
b) they were in love.

The authors of R&J songs always reminded one of those tipsy blowhards who cite *Das Kapital* as their rationale for still living with their parents, or declare Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* the best paean to kayaking in the English language: You kind of got the feeling that they hadn't read the book.

13. A Different Hat Every Night

Until he got his $20,000 wig in 1992, Elton John used to wear a different outlandish hat every night. It was an uncomfortable situation: Elton knew he was bald. His audience knew he was bald. Yet the pudgy pianist clearly thought that his endless parade of attention-getting chapeaus would be perceived by the public as a brave and self-deprecating joke; good sport Elton John making light of his own hair tragedy. Regardless, people continued to think of Elton, rightly, as a fat bald man who wore a hat because he was ashamed of being bald.

9. Jagger's American Accent

Nobody knew where Rolling Stones front man Mick Jagger found his ridiculous American accent. John Wayne certainly didn't talk like that. Neither did Elvis, Marilyn, Mickey Mouse, or any of the other American cultural ambassadors whose voices could have found their way to the leafy suburb of London where Jagger grew up. Indeed, the only explanation for Jagger's conversion of every

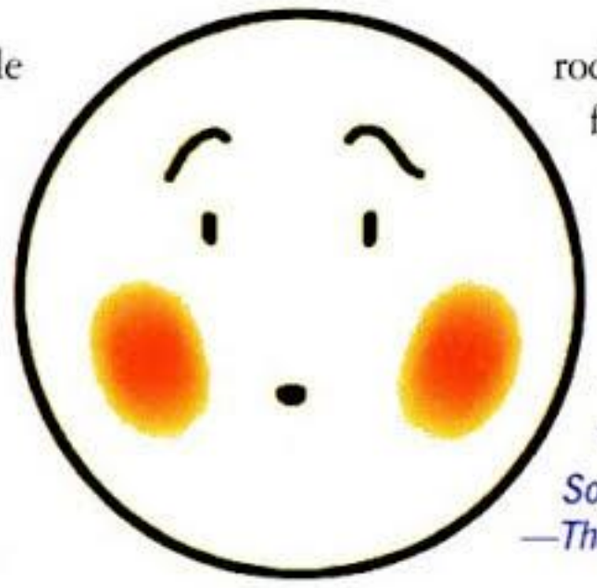


11. The Same Hat for 20 Years

It was a great comfort to certain rock stars in their later years that, if they took a bad spill and broke their hip just before showtime, they could always send their trusty chapeau onstage as a last-minute substitute. Recordings apparently exist of a Winter Garden New Year's show in which a battered naval seaman's cap dueted with Tenille while the Captain wrestled backstage with a lamp shade.

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vowel sound to a twangy "ow" was that, while "surfing" the BBC's two channels, he had at some point stumbled across a documentary on the American collard greens industry, featuring a black Mississippian who had lost part of his mouth in an accident.



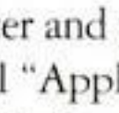
8. Dwarves, Magic Swords, Etc.

In 1970, taking their cue from *The Most Embarrassing Man in the World: Robert Plant*, hard-rocking musicians from all over the world inexplicably fell upon the works of fantasy novelist J.R.R. Tolkien, author of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*. Turgid, atmospheric songs about mystical, entirely imaginary topics were all the rage: questing for magic rings, slaying goblins, having a shield custom-made by a dwarf in a cave, stealing the mighty Sword of Tharg from the sleeping troll of whatever. Black Sabbath was firmly in the vanguard of this folklore fetishism, as was the drug-addled, Stonehenge-worshipping Hawkwind.

Most representative, perhaps, was the elf-friendly Jethro Tull, fronted by a man, Ian Anderson, whose flute and spittle-flecked beard gave him license to comport himself for more than a decade as a giant, jig-tootling, rabbit-eating dwarf.

Whatever the band, though, it wasn't the spectacle of a grown man brandishing a plastic sword or doing what he imagined was a warlock dance that was embarrassing, so much as the implied reality of a grown, hairy, wealthy rock star curling up on Sunday to read children's fantasy books instead of going out and having sex with girls like he was supposed to.

7. The Most Predictable Stanza...Ever!

This face marks the nadir of listener's embarrassment:
"How they dance in the courtyard/Sweet summer sweat./ Some dance to remember/Some  *dance to forget."*
—The Eagles, "Hotel California"

6. Savage, Meaningless Sarcasm

The eternal flame of acidly ironic social commentary that doesn't actually mean anything was emphatically sparked by one Robert Zimmerman, a.k.a. "Bob Dylan," "Boo Wilbury."

Though often mentioned in the same breath as other, lucid American protest singers like Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger, Zimmerman pushed the envelope by deliberately singing gibberish.

With the first body bags arriving from Nam, Dylan became a flash point in the American debate over the limits of free speech. Never the sort to stand up in a crowded theater and yell "Fire!" Dylan's approach was to yell "Apple sauce!"—confident that the nation's hippies would pretend to know exactly what he meant. His "Ballad of a Thin Man" from the *Highway 61 Revisited* album was lauded by critics and set new standards for viciously incomprehensible social criticism:

You see a one-eyed midget, shouting the word, "Now!"/And you say, "For what reason?" And he says, "How?"/And you say, "What does this mean?" And he screams back, "You're a cow!/Give me some milk, or else go home."/And you know something is happening, but you don't know what it is./Do you, Mr Jones?

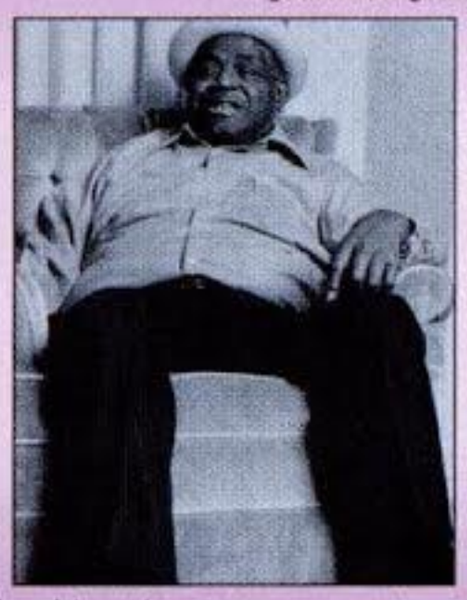
Not quite, Bob. No.

10. "Blues Legend" Guest Star

He was black. He was fat. He was wearing a hat. He'd been drinking happily for hours in that little room with the bowl of red M&Ms in it. You were a thin, white rock star. And near the end of your set, he walked onstage.

The audience went wild. They had no idea who he was.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the king of the Delta blues and master of the..." You looked at his guitar. "Square guitar, ahem mmm-mmph." You weren't sure who he was either



"Well, have you ever had a woman?" the man inquired throatily of the audience. "Done treat you so bad you felt [unintelligible]?"

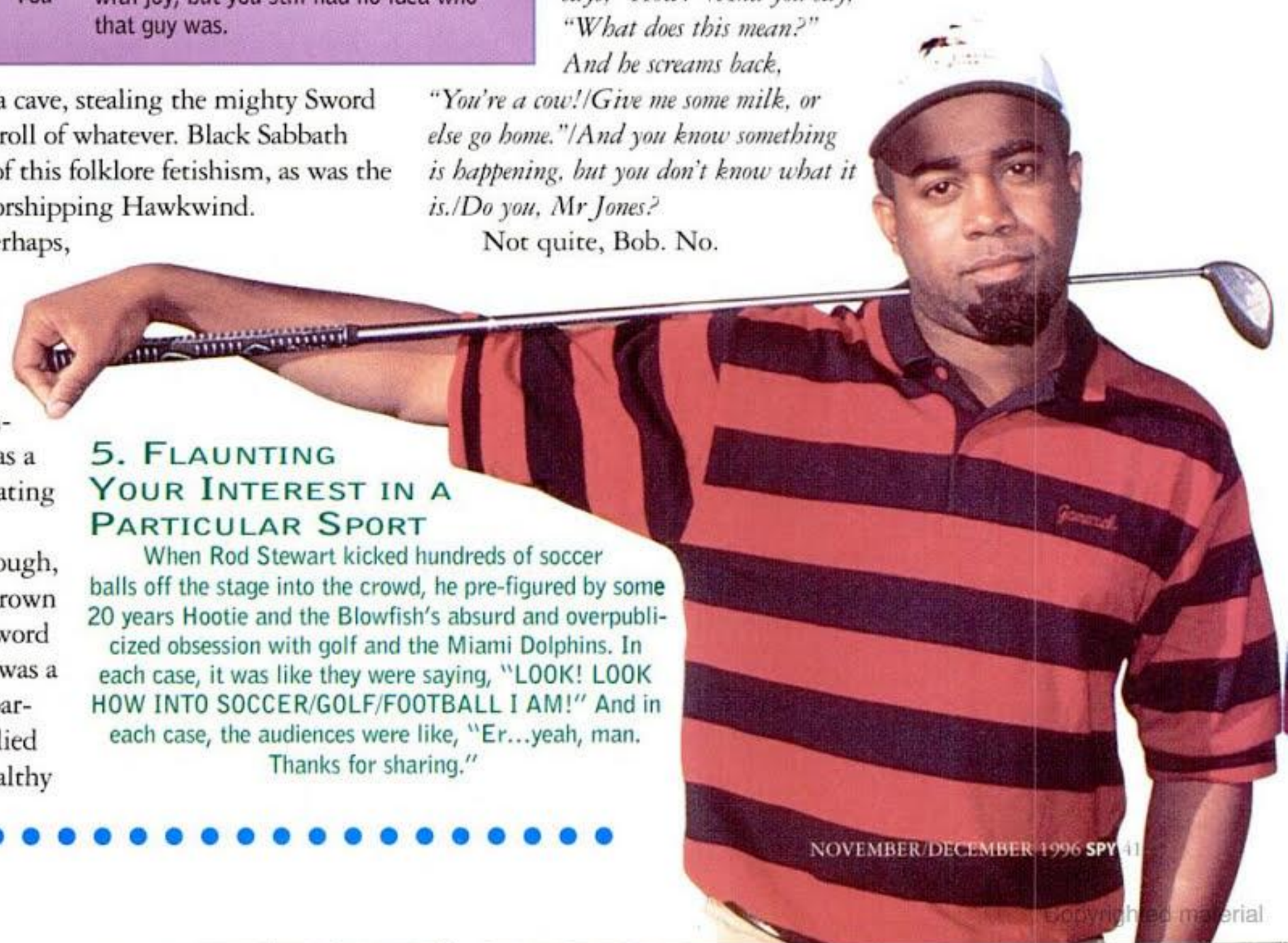
Knowing whistles and applause from the crowd. The question was repeated.

"Well if your woman done done you wrong..."

The band suddenly stopped playing.

"You'd best [unintelligible]."

Band started playing again as the now sweaty man embraced you and waddled offstage. The audience was hysterical with joy, but you still had no idea who that guy was.



5. Flaunting Your Interest in a Particular Sport

When Rod Stewart kicked hundreds of soccer balls off the stage into the crowd, he pre-figured by some 20 years Hootie and the Blowfish's absurd and overpublicized obsession with golf and the Miami Dolphins. In each case, it was like they were saying, "LOOK! LOOK HOW INTO SOCCER/GOLF/FOOTBALL I AM!" And in each case, the audiences were like, "Er...yeah, man. Thanks for sharing."

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4. Elvis Dying on the Toilet

Fat bastard and self-styled "The Man They Call the King," Elvis Presley died on August 16, 1977, while attempting to move his bowels. His colon was impacted, an autopsy discovered, with a gray claylike substance, which caused his "Wooden Heart" to give out while trying to "take care of business."

3. The Vision of World Harmony Fleshed Out with Small Children

I think about, um, the generations and if say we want to make it a better place for our children and our children's children so that they...they...they...they know it's a better world...for them...I think...if they can make it a better place.

As is painfully clear in this anonymous toddler's spoken-word intro to Michael Jackson's "Heal the World," children don't usually have an awful lot to say about world peace and harmony. They tend to be more interested in things like breast milk, magicians, and Power Rangers, or in the case of Jackson's own pre-school coterie, riding the ol' Neverland roller coaster.



As a rule of thumb, anyone who's serious about putting their scheme for world peace and harmony into action would be better advised to get their endorsements from, say, Jimmy Carter or Henry Kissinger rather than to go bothering some four-year-old nobody who doesn't know his right hand from his left and keeps losing his gloves.



2. The Most Embarrassing Man in the World: Robert Plant

Overdemonstrative and shrill onstage, sententious and effeminate off it, Led Zeppelin lead singer Robert Plant threw himself into the swamp of embarrassing rock behavior like a dog into a pond with chunks of meat floating on the surface. (See *Lead Singer Redundancy*, *"Trained Singer" Hand Gestures*, *Men with Really High Voices*, *Micromanaging Your Drummer's Dorky Personality*, and for the band's later albums, *Fans of "World" Music*.)

Plant could make it through an entire 10-minute rocked-up blues standard without using a recognizable syllable, aaaarghing and babybabybabybabybabeeeeeeing at a misguided selection of ridiculously high volumes and pitches. In the studio to record Zeppelin's epic "Stairway to Heaven," he famously made up the lyrics off the top of his head, revealing a disgustingly whimsical interior life and singlehandedly precipitating the *Dwarves, Magic Swords, Etc.* fad. With bandmate Jimmy Page (see *Devil Stuff*), Plant nonchalantly plagiarized blues legends like Willie Dixon without ever having the decency to invite them onstage as *Blues Legend Guest Stars*. And the moment one's ears adjusted to his bluesy caterwauling, Plant had a disquieting tendency to slip into trembly postcoital moanings that fair turned one's stomach.

For all his more obvious sins, though, the most embarrassing thing about Robert Plant was the way he used to push his naked abdomen toward the audience as he sang. Taken together with his girliness, his affected come-hither demeanor, and a bad sweating problem, Plant spent the years 1968–72 looking like he'd just rubbed some of that special gel over his belly and now he wanted someone to do an ultrasound.



1. Mentioning "Rock"

If making the audience cringe was your *only* intention, then there was always a little technique known as "Mentioning Rock." AC/DC's "For Those About to Rock (We Salute You)"; Blue Oyster Cult's "R. U. Ready 2 Rock"; Bryan Adams's "Kids Wanna Rock"; John Cougar Mellencamp's "ROCK in the U-S-A"; Kiss's "Rock and Roll All Night"; Queen's "We Will Rock You"; and, of course, the Stones' "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll (But I Like It)." Mentioning Rock was an irrevocable breach of contract between performer and audience, every bit as traumatic and hateful as a Burger King staffer sneezing on your Whopper.

Imagine you went to the theater, and every time a new actor walked onstage he turned to the crowd and said, "Good evening, everybody. My name is Nigel Havers and I'll be playing the part of Billy in tonight's performance." How would you feel 45 seconds later when he screamed at his stage dad and called him an asshole? And what if he kept winking at you throughout the evening just to let you know that everything was okay, that he was only *pretending* to be a self-hating alcoholic airline pilot? Like giving a 555- phone number in a movie or a TV show, Mentioning "Rock" brought the listener's suspension of disbelief crashing to the floor, reducing the magic of rock and roll (Damn! Sorry.) to a cheesy parlor trick. Given all of the other embarrassing things about rock, maybe that wasn't such a bad idea.

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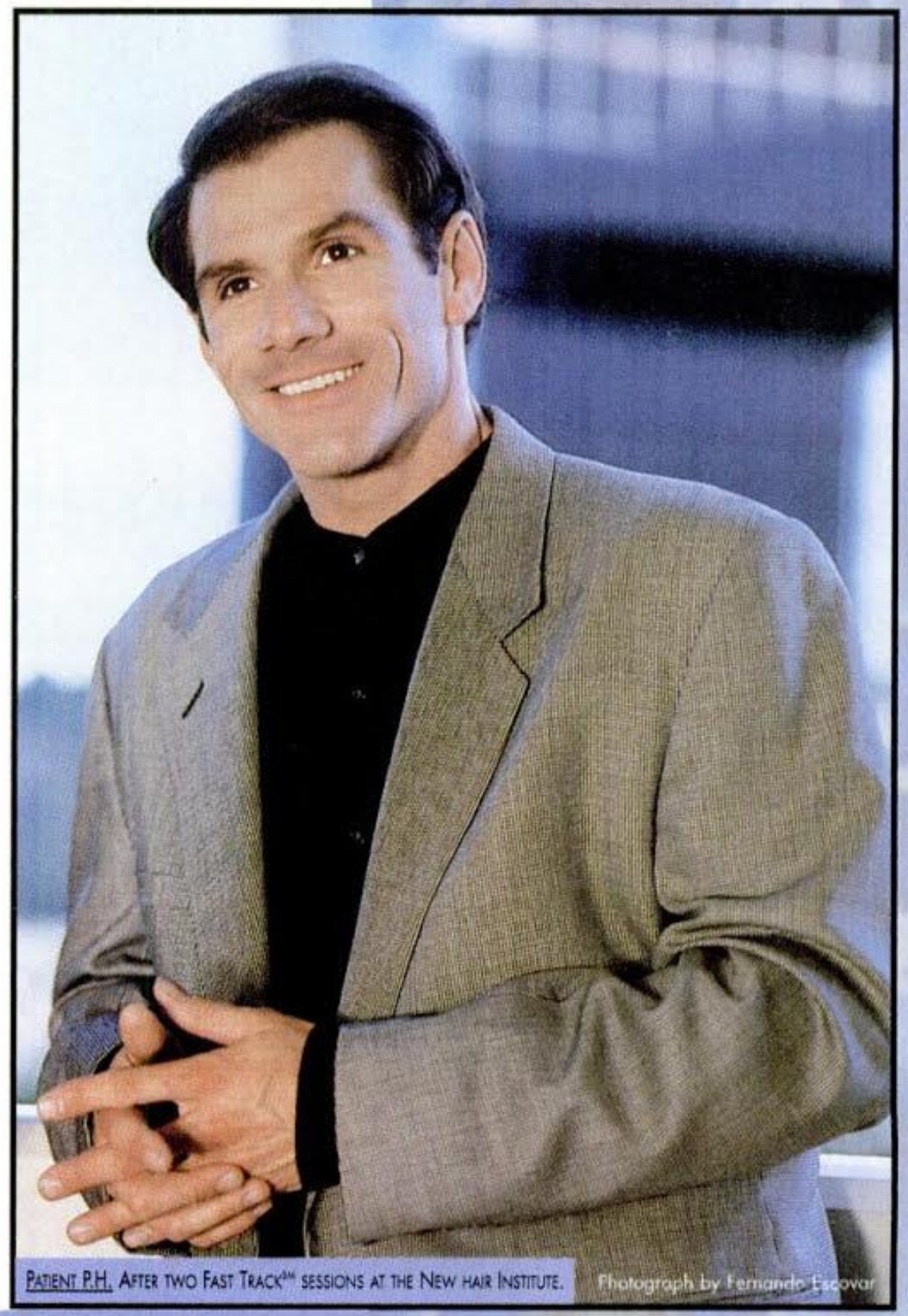
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P.H. BEFORE SURGERY

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APOCALYPSE

Nah!

In 1555, Michele de Nostradame foresaw a "great king of terror" coming from the sky in July of 1999—one of the very few explicit dates he ever attached to a prediction. St. Malachy of Ireland blurted out, on his death bed, the names of all the future popes. We only have two left, according to his list and, traditionally, popes live about as long as neglected goldfish. Party over. Whoops. Out of time. By Bruno Maddox

A viscous winter sun seeps through the wattle and daub of your hovel's "roof." It's December 31, 999 A.D., and you're a peasant. Donning a pair of wooden, glassless spectacles, you casually peer outside. Whoa, it's crazy! A Boschian tableau of utter mayhem! The prisons have been emptied and convicts are everywhere, wildly misbehaving. Bankers are viciously sidearming gold coins at passersby. There is a jactitating conga line of women and dogs hysterically circling the village maypole, wailing at the sky. Oh, of course. It's the last day of the last year of the last decade of the last century of the millennium, and so, like every other uneducated, lice-infested nut on Planet Earth—a figure currently standing at about 95 percent of the population—you fall to your knees in the vectorless, shit-filled streets and mumble half-remembered prayers to a god you've been ignoring. Midnight comes and goes. Nothing happens. A man offers you a smallish piece of wood in exchange for half an hour of stone stacking and it's back to life, back to reality....

Actually, none of this ever happened. In the months and years leading up to the last—and first—change in millenium, nobody panicked. Nobody renounced their worldly possessions. No UFOs were spotted, nor were any Elvises. Why so chill? This was, after all, a deeply superstitious global population, mistrustful of even toothpaste and toilet paper, and the Bible's books of Isaiah and Revelation had the year 1000 set aside for a massive uncorking of God's wrath. Well, with the exception of several hundred math geeks who piled gibbering into St. Peter's Basilica in Rome that New Year's Eve, nobody even knew what *year* it was.

Which is, of course, no longer the case. Most people are currently aware that it's 1996, and that in three or so years, every single digit in the name of the year will change to a new one—an unimaginably rare occurrence that historians estimate happens only about once every 900 years or so. Predictably, with something this monumental about to happen, people have started acting weird. Apocalyptic cults are declaring themselves the chosen people and trying to precipitate Armageddon. Ted Turner has decided to come off lithium. And 10 percent of Americans claim either to have seen a UFO or to have actually been kidnapped by one and had a strange tube rammed up their colon.



The End of The World: A Retrospective

For most of us, however, living in the last days has become just another humdrum piece of the nineties puzzle, like being a vegetarian or having a brushed-steel Swedish coffee table from IKEA. Now that nuclear war no longer looms as a horribly plausible apocalyptic possibility, we've become the first deeply millenarian culture in history to not actually believe the world is about to end. Ironic, really. Because this time it actually is.

It wasn't until the end of the twelfth century that people really caught on to how scary dates can be. In 1186, a Spanish astrologer named John

Oiled up and ready to go, SPY's Earth Angels received immediate feedback from the milling hordes in Manhattan's Times Square. "Get rid of the fat one! He's ruining the picture!" cried one concerned citizen.

The Trouble with Angels

After the world officially ends this December 22 (see chart, page 51), the Bible promises one thousand years of peace and love. Does this seem realistic to you? Can a world afflicted with ethnic cleansing, rampant terrorism, and cop-killer bullets ever learn to play nice? SPY unleashed its specially trained angel task force to find out. Posing as a supernatural Mod Squad on a mission from God known as the Earth Angels, SPY's Jonathan Yevin (the white one), Stephen Robinson (the black one), and Dan Bova (the unbelievably hairy one) hit New York City's mean streets with a clearly defined angelic agenda: help usher in a rockin' rapture by transforming America's least "nice" populace into a giddy chorus line of giggling, bubbly love-bunnies just waiting to be tickled. Bearing smiley faces and lots of good cheer, our missionaries went deep into Gotham's darkest corners—from Times Square to the stinky subway—fully intending to leave sugar cookies in the belly of the beast. After one day's work, however, our cherubs discovered that New Yorkers might not be ready to have their tummies rubbed just yet.



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of Toledo slapped together a pamphlet warning that, after a short flurry of earthquakes and tidal waves, the world was about to end. It was a hugely successful piece of work that sold well for the next three centuries, each new edition bearing a revised date for the end of things. A cottage industry for the ages was born; soon it seemed that the end of every month brought a new crop of mono-named self-publicists—Hildegard of Bingen, Joachim of Fiore, Peter of the Desert—working the primitive talk-show circuit with ever fanciful theories for why the next calendrical milestone was the Big One.

And the public reaction was always the same. As the date in question drew near, people would start to Notice Weird Stuff: calves being born with two heads, peculiar lights in the sky, strange men in their thirties passing through the village with a full set of teeth. It was as if some supernatural entity—God—were littering the world with clues and warnings. Everything started to take on mystical significance. Every dysenteric goat or loaf of bread that wouldn't slice properly became interpretable as yet another sign that something huge was about to happen.

Getting It Wrong

And as we approach 2000, nothing has changed. As recently as 1993, for instance, the Branch Davidians Noticed some Weird Stuff: a squadron of black-pajamaed ATF agents bearing down on their ugly compound in Waco, Texas. Their leader, guitarist David Koresh, had always said that this would happen. It was clearly written, he maintained, in the Book of Revelation that on the last day of the world, the forces of evil would mount an assault on the resurrected Messiah, who was, if you read very, very carefully, a man with tinted spectacles named David Koresh. Managing somehow to look beyond Koresh's *Rockford Files* eyewear and imperfect mastery of Eddie Van Halen's "Eruption" solo, eighty-something disciples believed him and dutifully heeded his daily warnings to stockpile automatic weapons and/or have sex with him in preparation for the final showdown. The apocalyptic scenario played out exactly as Koresh had predicted. Except instead of the Branch Davidians surviving while everyone else in the world died, the Branch Davidians died while everyone else in the world survived. It was an easy mistake to make, but a bad one.

Japan's Aum Shinrikyo cult was similarly predicting a global Armageddon that only its members would survive and launched a nerve-gas attack on the Tokyo subway system to provoke it. They killed 12 people, provoking an orderly shuffle toward the emergency exit and not much else. And in 1994, many Jewish followers of Rebbe Menachem



Cleanin' rags a-ready, Angels Bova and Yevin take a deep breath before tackling a puddle of chocolate pudding somebody's left on the platform.



T TIMES SQUARE

Sin Central. In our winged seminudity, w we blended in well enough with the degenerate o denizens of New York's evilest spot. We didn't, however, have much luck persuading trench-coated video store patrons to rent *The Little Mermaid* instead of *Edward Penishands*. Nor were the city's pimps amenable to suggestions that they "turn that frown upside down." Worst of all, we were consistently mistaken by

a large number of our constituents for a band of similarly winged creatures, apparently known as the "F**in' Fairies."

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

Slightly disheartened by our rough introduction to New York City, we decided we needed to tap a little cardinal knowledge. We bounded up the marble steps of St. Pat's, all hyped with the prospect of chillin' with our boy John Cardinal O'Connor. With his blessing, there'd be nothing we couldn't do—except, of course, have sex with any women we weren't married to, nor with each other, for that matter. An elderly security guard possibly named Ed stood stone-faced as we explained our holy mission. He wasn't sure if the Cardinal was in da house of God, but he was positive he wouldn't let us go in and find out. We rallied the tens of tourists who gathered to help in our plight, prompting Ed to call in back up.

Like chickens, angels devote an awful lot of time and mental energy to crossing the road. It's a wing thing.

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Schneerson rejoiced at the death of their beloved leader—drinking vodka and wildly gyrating to tambourine music—because it seemed like such an obvious first step in the Rebbe's plan to come back to life and, as Messiah, oversee the end of the world. He's been buried two years. So far, so good.

With these exceptions, however, the apocalyptic-prophet act is getting pretty tired. For every loon that announces he's God, there seems currently to be an upper ceiling of about a thousand people prepared to take him seriously. This is, of course, why we call them cults, the average millenial wacko having about the same-sized following as an early Roman Polanski movie.

Coincidence? I Don't Think So

Besides, why would anyone bother to join an apocalyptic cult when the culture we live in is entirely apocalyptic? Youngsters everywhere, flaunting their futurelessness, idolize Jan Brady and wear gas-station attendant shirts from the fifties. Angels are everywhere (see below). And who isn't surfing the Internet, the first medium in history purpose-built to resemble one huge nexus of bizarre, possibly significant coincidences?

The current round of Weird Stuff Noticing kicked off in 1966 when, in a spasm of mass stupidity, everyone in the world decided Beatle Paul McCartney had died and been replaced by a doppelganger, as evidenced by an oblique series of "clues" on the band's album covers. Had it not been for McCartney's inspired "The Girl Is Mine" duet with Michael Jackson in 1982, the boomer generation would still be referring to the cherubic Liverpudlian using air-quotes, as "Paul."

The "Paul Is Dead" fiasco left people wanting more, and they got it. After Abraham Zapruder's improbably cinematic home movie of JFK's assassination was released in 1969, citizens of the world started Noticing Weird Stuff like it was going out of style. In the Super-8 masterpiece, a man with an opened umbrella was watching the motorcade…and yet November 22, 1963, had been a bright, sunny day! A chunky woman in a bright red dress was standing on the "grassy knoll"…and yet she looked ridiculous: like a skinned, menstrual penguin. Surely the CIA must have been involved, or aliens, or Cubans, or LBJ? Maybe it was suicide? Maybe Paul McCartney did it, then got rubbed out by the CIA in retaliation. Whatever. It wasn't about finding answers; it was about finding *clues*.

Everybody Say "Woe"

Millennial types insist on Noticing Weird Stuff because they think



Within moments, we were greeted by a younger, even less amused security guard brandishing a police-issue stun gun. Rather than suck up 20,000 volts of heathen-zapping fury, we decided to make like olestra and run (see page 28).

GUARDIAN ANGELS HQ

The Guardian Angels are really swell guys. Our original mission was to put the fear of God in them and

Things are going swimmingly at the Guardian Angel/Earth Angel summit meeting—until Angel Cyclops gives Angel Yevin a gratuitous citation for breast-feeding in public.

Our angels shout up to the Guardian Angels' curiously situated second-floor HQ on 47th Street: "Hey, anybody have 75 cents?"

run 'em out of town. You know, "This town ain't big enough for two angel groups, homes." But after reflecting on peace, love, and the scowl on the face of G.A. foot soldier Cyclops, we decided to take the harmony route:

SPY: *Why don't you take off that jacket and strap on some wings?*

CY: *No, man, the Guardian Angels are my life. I can try to help you guys out a little. On*





Everyone knows you can't fight City Hall, but if you're wearing a pair of wings, they'll at least let you walk up the steps. Comb-over poster-boy Rudy Giuliani refuses to come to the door.

the weekends we so-
times work with a se-
citizen's group.

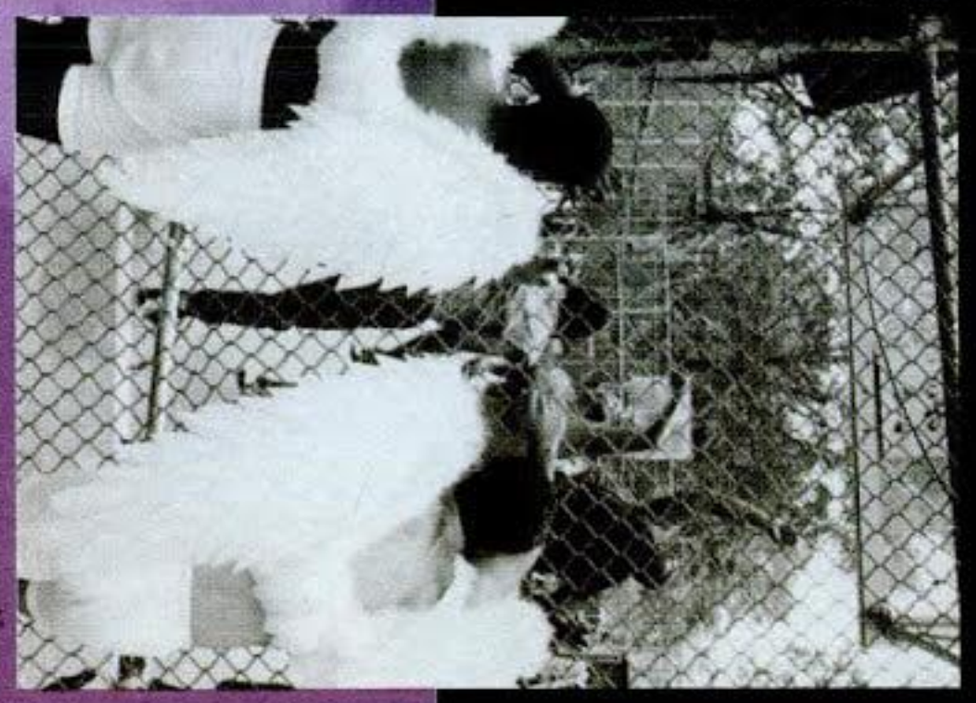
SPY: *Well, maybe we could start up some type of angel exchange pro-gram. We'd give you Stephen for three of your guys. He's really good with computers.*

Cyclops declined our proposal, but he did offer our fledgling group some helpful hints: 1) Give yourselves nicknames and 2) Make sure you "don't get jumped in those wings." Yo, Cyclops, thanks for keeping an *eye* on us, big guy.

THE SUBWAY

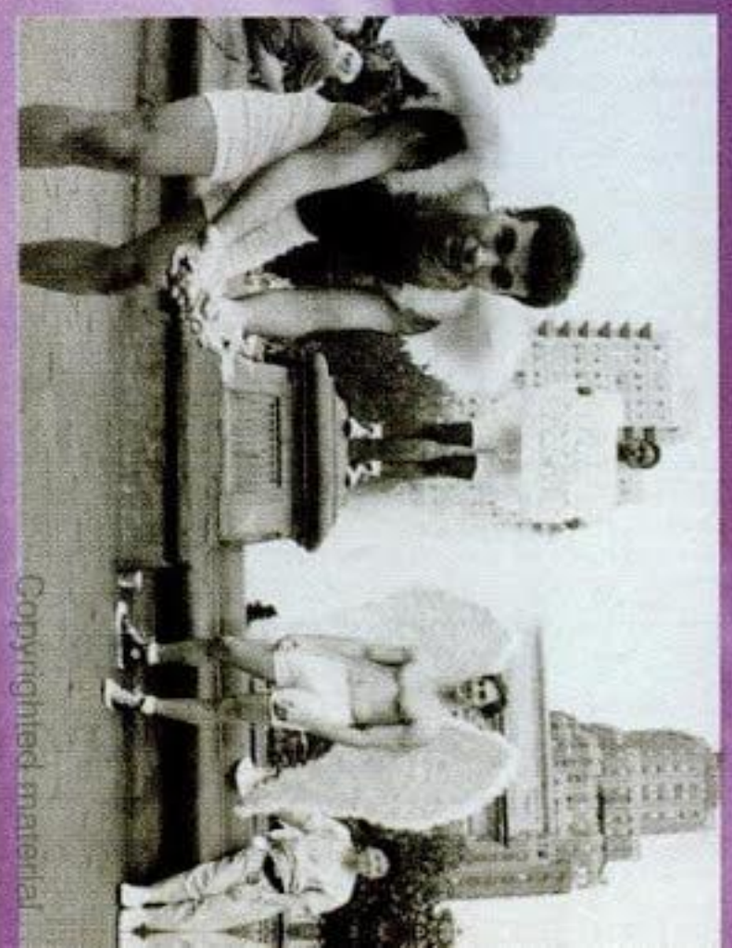
Rechristened as Zeus, Doomsday, and Angel Hair Pasta, we went to spread a little love on the Brooklyn-bound 6 train. Like heaven-sent

Weary of seeing pot smokers pay up to *$10* for a bag of cooking spices, our angels hit Washington Square Park and gave the stuff away *gratis*.



A pair of SPY's winged wonders look on as some poor, lost soul gets called for traveling.

squeegee guys, sporting rags and windex, we set about removing sticky goo from seats, poles, and handrails. Zeus, unfamiliar with household chores, squirted somebody in the eye (good thing it



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someone's trying to Tell Them Something. "Apocalypse" means, in the original Greek, "an unveiling," and for end-of-the-world devotees, the end of the world is more than just the end of the world; it's a complete set of answers to the mysteries of life: the identities of Deep Throat, Bigfoot, and the Loch Ness Monster all announced at once.



Final-Pope Quiz, Part I

According to Nostradamus, the last three popes before the Apocalypse will die in swift succession. The third-to-last will be killed by an assassin. The second-to-last will be "swallowed up" by the machinations of the Antichrist. And the last, a man "born slightly misshapen," will be instrumental in destroying the church. See if you can spot the Final Pope in this list of deformed candidates!

Bill Walton: Freakishly tall and with a strangely diamond-shaped head, Walton has a reputation among his Boston Celtic teammates and his present-day colleagues at NBC Sports for being just the sort of "good guy" that you have to be when you're pope.

Popeye: With grossly swollen forearms and a disgusting crescentlike deformation of the forehead and chin, this sailor would make a fine head of the Catholic church.

Tanqueray Spokesperson Mr. Jenkins: Huge head and tiny angular body. If elected pope, however, Jenkins's nightly carousing could well serve Catholicism the death blow that Nostradamus foresaw.

Lyle Lovett: Lopsided, tilted features. Bitter after his divorce from Julia Roberts, bitter—let's face it—after marrying the hysterical stick figure in the first place, the pain-twisted Lovett could be just the man to "bring down the Vatican."

In centuries past, when nearly everyone believed in God, you could see where this idea of revelation came from: God was ending the world, so why wouldn't He take the opportunity to explain the joke? In these secular times, though, it seems strange for people still to be expecting so much of the end of the world. Now that nuclear war seems like a remote possibility, people seem to be looking to the year 2000 for the dawn of a new golden age. It's the *good* sort of apocalypse; the end of the world merely *as we know it*. Except it's not going to happen like that.

The Final Countdown

For starters, Russia currently has 30,000 nuclear warheads, 1,200 tons of highly enriched uranium, and 200 tons of plutonium surrounded by decorative chain-link fences and guarded by stiffs who are not only hungry and grossly underpaid, but each and every one of them is a deeply fatalistic drunk as well. Black-market nuclear material has been on sale for years, attracting the interest not only of wanna-be nuclear states like Iraq but of nothing-to-lose psycho ensembles like the Aum Shinrikyo. Let's face it. Sooner or later—actually in about two weeks—some mustachioed zealot armed with an alarm clock wired to a lump of plutonium the size of a

knish is going to find the millennial countdown an irresistible once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to erase New York, or Paris, or London, or Tel Aviv, or all of the above. And he's going to take it; you know he is.

Then again, it could be a comet or an asteroid. Scientists have apparently only recently woken up to the fact that Earth *will* be hit, sooner or later, by a massive civilization-ending heavenly body of some sort. They are relatively certain it won't be any time in the next week, but after that, all bets are off. And, hey, as long as we're on the cosmological tip, as soon as any of the stars within 33 light years of Earth implodes—which they all eventually do—a deluge of subnuclear particles called neutrinos is going to shuck Earth of its atmosphere—clouds, air, general vibe—and kill us all.

Sure 2000 is just a number. So's your rent, your T-cell count, and how many parents you have. It just so happens to be the approximate date of the end of the world, and it's going to be really traumatic. All those starlets, baseball phenoms, miniseries, fish...all gone. Not just dead but rendered instantly forgettable in some huge, noisy, painful...something. It's going to be sad, bad, and shockingly banal. No loose ends will be tied up. The meaning of life will not be revealed. You'll never find out exactly what went down among the tangled shrubs of 875 S. Bundy. It'll be nasty, brutish and, hopefully, short. The only appropriate response to this impending nightmare is the one you're doomed to have: Get depressed; wonder briefly if maybe you should quit your job and go become a Buddhist; decide not to because, after all, the world might not end, this might just be hypochondria, like that time you thought you had Lyme disease; and then get really, really depressed about it during the five-minute lag between the announcement that Earth is about to be hit by a comet and its actual occurrence. Anyone putting the finishing touches on their *Jan Brady Shot JFK* website at that precise moment is going to look like a real tit.



Final-Pope Quiz, Part II

On his deathbed, in the year 1148, St. Malachy of Ireland hiccupped out a descriptive, prophetic list of all the popes from that day forward. He correctly labeled our current pope, John Paul II, born during a solar eclipse, "de labore soliis," or "from the Toils of the Sun." According to the list, however, there will be only one pope after the next one: "De gloria olivae," "from the glory of the olive."

Fidel Castro: Always wears *olive*-green clothing.

Boutros Boutros-Ghali: Is *himself* a peculiar *olive* color.

Braveheart: This Scot famously pronounces "I love you" as "*olive* you."

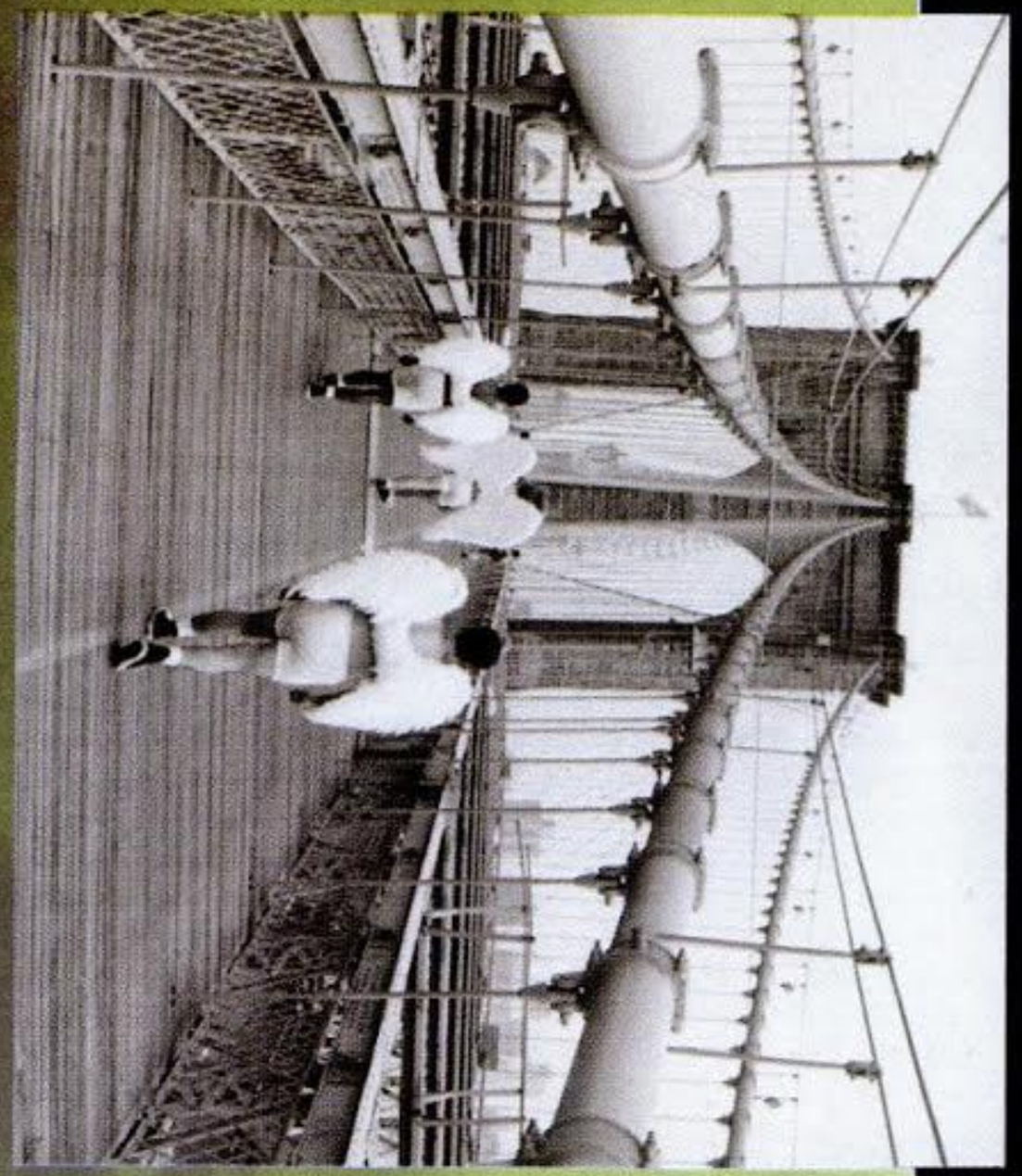
Popeye: Or should we say POPE-eye? Obsessed with unsexy *Olive* Oyl, this spinach-guzzling misshapen seaman will take his seat in Rome before December 22.

We went *It's a Wonderful Life*-style to the Brooklyn Bridge to stop sad people from jumping:

***SPY:** Don't jump, sir!*

Life's worth living!

Man on bike: Yo! get out of the bike path!



cleanest poles this side of Gdansk.

WEST 4TH STREET HOOPS

Sports are a fine way of exhibiting competitive spirit and working together, but the athletes today are so selfish. Remember, kids: There's no "I" in "team." Try telling that to some of the brutes on the world's most famous basketball court on West 4th Street. We did. We approached those burly ballplayers, with their mean-spirited "I'm Sorry, I Thought You Could Play" and "I'm Gonna Take You to School" T-shirts and offered a soul-cleansing exchange for some other, less-threatening threads:

***SPY:** "Would you like to trade your shirt for this "Can I Please Have a Hug" T-shirt?*

***Mean Ball Player:** Nice wings, homeboy. Now fly away.*

***SPY:** How about a photo of us shaking hands?*

Other Mean Guy:** "F off, asshole."*

Yup, New York is one tough town. But if we made one old woman smile, one little girl laugh, one pretzel vendor wet his pants at our expense, you know...it was all worth it.

wasn't Cyclops) and, eerily, somebody mistook Doomsday for *Village Voice* columnist James Ledbetter.

***Guy:** James! James!*

***Doomsday:** Uh, hi.*

***Guy:** James, I'm sure I'll see this in next week's Voice!*

***Doomsday:** Uh, sure, right next to the Feifer cartoon.*

When we were finished, that car had the

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Apocalypse and How!

Choosing a doomsday cult is like choosing a college; you're going to have to live with your choice for four long, miserable years, all the time wondering what the heck you're going to do afterward. Take your time when making your selection; make campus visits, set up one-on-one interviews with the faculty, and consult this handy SPY chart. We've even rated each prophet's credibility on a scale of 1 to 10, 1 being Wilt Chamberlain and 10 being Candice Bergen.—*Brendan Baber, Eric Spitznagel, and Greg Easley*

Cult	Apocalyptic Prediction	What Can I Do About It?	Cool Costumes?	Do I Get a Gun?	Space Aliens?	Prophet's Credibility Factor
Total Overcomers	Judgment Day is imminent but can be avoided by joining the crew of a fleet of spaceships that will spirit you away to safety.	"Spaceship training" fights "human mammalian addictions."	Obviously. Everyone gets their own space suit.	Yes, specifically a photon ray gun.	Oh yeah.	**4** Though there is no single leader, this democratic group has taken out ads in *USA Today* calling for "last chance to advance beyond human."
Order of the Solar Temple	A convergence of environmental disasters will kill everyone. Leader Luc Jou will lead followers on a merry crusade to the "planet Sirius."	Give your woman to Luc Jou, and then kill yourself.	Crusaders must dress like they're in a Dungeons & Dragons game.	No, a sword.	Depends on whether Sirius is inhabited.	**2** Sirius—as any high school astronomer will tell you—is actually a star. Better pack those Ray Bans.
Michigan Militia	Cataclysmic race riots and revolution.	Practice "survivalist" techniques, wear lots of camouflage.	If dressing like a tree is cool, then yes.	As many as you can carry.	Worse, *illegal* aliens.	**7** Armed and ready to go. Give 'em a few cases of Pabst Blue Ribbon and a TNT Chuck Norris nite and they'll storm Ohio!
Aum Shinrikyo (Japan)	With untold resources of money, physical strength, and genius, Aum will precipitate a global war that only they will survive.	Become an affluent, overeducated Japanese person; attack subways.	Yes. Samurai gear with a Hefner-ish casual touch.	Yes, but the weapons of choice are industrial microwave ovens.	No.	**3.5** The arsenal of head honcho Shoko Asahara is pretty impressive, but reports of his "flying" are undermined by his extreme obesity.
Catholic Church	1917: Virgin Mary appears to three girls in Fátima, Portugal, and predicts something so frightening that Pope John XXIII faints.	Have lots of babies. Stain glass. Kill Protestants.	Dorky costumes, but only for real "players."	No.	Secret Fátima prophesy rumored to be an Earth-striking comet.	**10** All previous Fátima prophesies—the outbreak of WWII, the collapse of Communism—have come to pass exactly as foretold.
Al Gore	"We face an ecological crisis without any precedent in historical terms."	Recycle. Tune out to Fleetwood Mac.	Whatever your wife lays out for you.	Only after 5-day mandatory "cooling-off" period.	Big fan of Clinton's "Mothership Connection."	**4** Suspected Rogaine client; career politician; son of a career politician.
Earth Changes Cult	Incessant hurricanes and tornadoes, catastrophic earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, famine—you know, earth changes.	Stay tuned to the Weather Channel.	Yellow slickers, scuba wear, a sturdy pair of boots.	Hey, ever tried shooting an earthquake?	No.	**9** Rainy days and Mondays never seemed so deadly.
Exidor, pal of Mork from Ork	Invisible cult, the Friends of Venus, had vaguely doomsdayish beliefs.	Study reruns.	Toga.	Yeah, some sort of "space ray."	Lots of 'em; Mork was, after all, from Ork.	**6** Exidor was obviously kicked off this absurd TV show for a reason.
Nostradamus	"A great king of terror" will descend from the sky in July 1999. Especially popular among daytime-TV-watching trailer park residents.	Only hope is to change name legally to "King of Terror."	Wardrobe mail-ordered from back of *Weekly World News*.	Your boyfriend probably has one in his pickup.	You've already been abducted, like, twice.	**3** His prophesies are so vague that even his toss-aways can be interpreted as accurate. Sort of the Julian Schnabel of future-telling.
SPY Magazine	The world will cease to exist as we know it on December 22, 1996.	Quick: renew your subscription!	Here in the office, we really like seersucker.	Yes, weapons are funny.	We're proud of our "Don't ask, don't tell" policy.	**2** We lost a lot of credibility after our "near-death" experience.

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SWINE

Since big-boned Mama Cass choked to death on a ham sandwich, a lot of people—Muslims, Jews, Linda McCartney—have been giving pork a fairly wide berth. But that was before *Babe*. So call an Iowa convention full of pig men what you will—the Porkathon, the Pork-O-Rama, Porkapalooza, the Porxpo, the Porkus Maximus—just don't call them during dinner. BY ANN TANZER

The Painted Pig

"Pork is omnipresent," says C. Arthur Croyle, an Iowan painter, invoking his muse. "At least out here it is. You try to fight it, but sooner or later it creeps into your artwork."

There are none of the trappings of the gallery scene here—no velvet ropes or monocled Germans—and the works on display are curiously monothematic: *Pig Tail*, *My Piggy*, *Curious Pigs*, *Pig 'n' Friends*, *Roly-Poly Puddin' Pig*, *Pig Roundup*, *Pig Pinwheel*, *Cart Full of Pigs*, *Bloomin' Pigs*, *Arm Full of Pigs*, *Pink Pigs*, *Pigs in the House*, *Pig Puddle*, and the more abstract *Partly Cloudy with Pork Holding Steady*. This last entry, an acrylic painting, is Croyle's work, and it earns him third prize in the show. The Iowa State art professor is philosophical about his triumph: "It's kind of looked at with a snicker," he confides, "because it's the Pork Expo, after all."

Yes it is—specifically, the ninth annual World Pork Expo, where nobody bothered to see *Babe* and mad cow disease is that *other* industry's problem. This year's Expo, held June 6th through 8th at the Iowa State Fairgrounds in Des Moines—capital of the nation's top pork-producing state—attracted nearly 53,000 attendees from 54 countries. Hog-happy conventioneers were treat-

FEVER



Sometimes When We Touch . . .

What kind of a person chooses to don a plastic sleeve, coat it in mineral oil, shove it up a cow's rectum, clean out the manure, feel his way to the cervix, and shoot a "straw gun" loaded with bull semen into the bovine's uterus? For a living? How about the man who cajoles a 600-pound boar into dry-humping a water heater wrapped in a blanket for the purpose of collecting its semen? Or the woman who earns $200 a minute for dressing in football gear and playing matchmaker to a stallion and mare while hoping she doesn't get her brains kicked out?

Are they just hopeless romantics, or what?

Artificial insemination technicians are the unsung cupids of the wild kingdom. Contrary to their reputation, animals don't necessarily want to have sex all of the time. Sometimes a mood has to be created when there isn't one. The inseminator's job is to take the guesswork out of the animal dating game. It's good for farmers, it's good for scientists, but does it work any wonders for your heterosexual savoir faire?

Always keen to pick up tips, SPY asked insemination technicians around the country, "After a long day in the field, what's your idea of a perfect romantic evening at home?"

Inseminator: Merrill LaClaire, Derby, Vermont

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: "A home-cooked meal and a quiet evening at home."

Sloppy Seconds: "It's hard to freeze the semen of most animals. But bovine semen—you can beat on it and it still works."

Inseminator: Darvin Yoder, Reedsville, Pennsylvania

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: "Chinese food and a movie."

Sloppy Seconds: "My wife likes action, I like comedy."

Inseminator: Rick Decker, Arkport, New York

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: Cross-country skiing under a full moon.

Sloppy Seconds: He tried artificial insemination on his own horse, but "They're kind of fickle about the paperwork."

Inseminator: Tom Mehberg, Gresham, Wisconsin

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: "I like to come home and have 15 minutes with a cold glass of ice water. Then I go outside and do something physical."

Sloppy Seconds: His busiest day was 59 cows. "We're on commission, and we do one piece at a time, so you take your peace wherever you can find it."

(continued on page 68)

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ed to a wide array of pig- and pork-related entertainment, educational seminars, and product demonstrations, along with enough barbecued boar to fill the very ample stomachs of nearly 53,000 swine buffs. That's a hell of a lot of pork bellies.

Ah, pigs. It's actually a piece of cake writing about pigs for SPY. Any word or phrase containing "pig," "pork," or "hog" is inherently comical. The World Beef Expo, on the other hand—or whatever the beef folks call their big annual shindig—could never approach the World Pork Expo in terms of "funny." How could it? Pigs are aerodynamically built for comedy, more so than any other animal in the barnyard, jungle, or veldt. Maybe that's why our culture spends so much time ridiculing pigs: male chauvinists are "pigs"; overindulgers "eat like pigs"; a messy room "looks like a pig sty"; a smelly, copious perspirer is "sweating like a pig"; and in Washington, frivolous spending bills are denounced as "full of pork." And as a verb, in its most vulgar usage, "pork" can be a synonym for "boink."

Space Hogs

You'd think that this kind of linguistic product placement would be a treasured weapon in the pork industry's arsenal, but, in fact, pork people consider these metaphors an immense attitudinal barrier in the mind of the consumer. Which is why the National Pork Producers Council (NPPC) has been so busy respinning pork's image in recent years with bouncy little slogans like "Pork: The Other White Meat" and this year's updated campaign, "Pork: Taste What's Next." The NPPC's current project is to make pork America's "Meat of Choice" by the year 2000, a challenge they liken, with no small amount of chutzpah, to President Kennedy's 1961 goal of landing a man on the moon by the end of the decade.

And, metaphorically speaking, the annual Expo serves as a vital O-ring seal in getting a pig on the moon. It's a weird mix of industry convention and hickish state fair that emphasizes pork production and pork consumption in equal measure, drawing hog farmers and hungry barbecue fans alike. "By having our producers and consumers mingling," explained NPPC spokesperson Cindy Cunningham, "that helps everybody to better understand each other's role in the production chain." Yeah, to say nothing of the *food* chain.

The Ultimate Swine

The best place for pork consumers to gain this sort of understanding was at the Expo's trade show, which featured 575 exhibitors offering solutions to all sorts of problems you've probably never even thought about, including several you'd probably rather not think about. You don't want to know, for instance, what sort of manure deodorant was used by the hog farmer who raised the pig that became your Yankee Frank, but the Kane Manufacturing Company was on hand promoting their MPC odor-control formula all the same. Likewise, you've probably never wondered what your pork chop was up to when it was still gestating inside a sow's womb, but the Renco Corporation has—that's why they were at the Expo hawking their Preg-Alert ultrasound pig pregnancy detector. "Ultrasound for UltraProfits," squeals their promo literature.

Outnumbering all the other exhibitors, however, were the swine geneticists. As the pork industry has responded to consumer health concerns by breeding leaner and primer pigs, modern hog farming has become a massive eugenics operation driven by elite teams of agricultural scientists who isolate this or that gene and eliminate undesirable traits, maximizing prolificacy while minimizing fat content. In short, they're playing Pig God. There were scores of companies selling genetically superior breeding stock at the Expo; many even set up little pens and had live, if somewhat disinterested-looking, pigs on hand for potential customers to inspect. Shaffer Superior Genetics, an Indiana outfit, had a typical booth. The models in their line included the '96 SSG Milkmaker ("known for her excellence in productivity and her ability to rebreed quickly," according to the matter-of-fact Shaffer brochure), the SSG Blue Diamond ("excellent gilt with good milking ability that offers leanness and muscling to maximize carcass profits"), and the fully loaded T-2000 ("a boar that combines all the necessary traits—growth, percent lean, skeletal size, and meat quality—into one package"). Just don't kick the tires, because they might kick back.

Like most of the genetics operations, Shaffer also has a separate division devoted to artificial insemination, another big growth area in the swine trade. [For more on animal insemination, see sidebar on page 54.] One company specializing in hot pork injections is International Genetics, an Illinois firm whose literature promises that "all postal orders will be dispatched with fresh semen from that day's collection." And you've spent all these years *licking* your envelopes.

The pork press was out in force, too. *Hogs Today* and *International Pig Topics* had booths at the trade show, as did the aggressively titled *Pork*. "Do you get *Pork?*" inquired the woman working the booth of a passing enthusiast. "Do I 'get' pork?" the fellow repeated. "Yeah, I get it—after three days of this, how could I not get it?"

Win, Place, or Oink

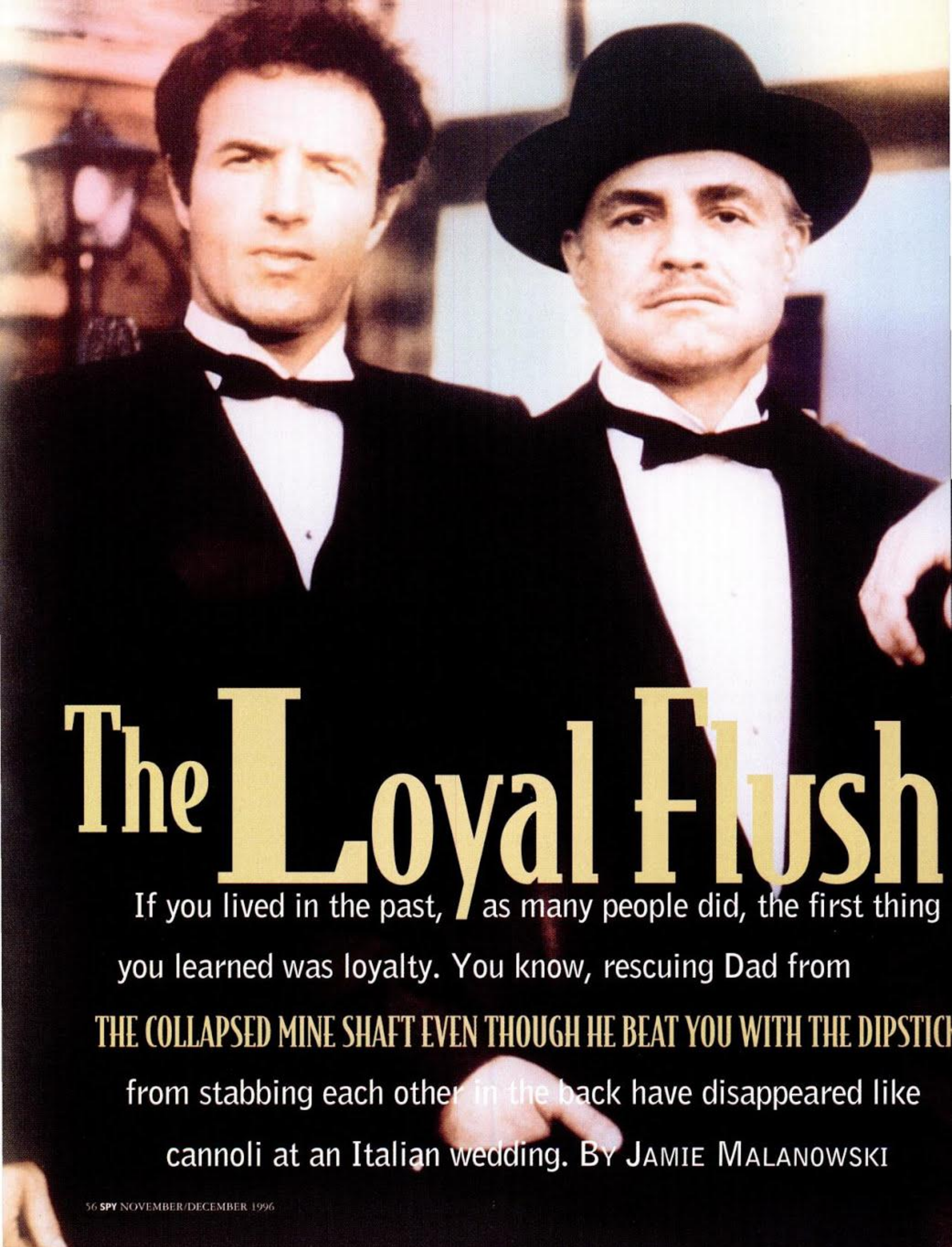
It's post time, ladies and gents. The thoroughbreds are a bit fidgety in their starting gates, anxious to begin the race. After a bit of anticipatory buildup, the starting bell sounds, the gates fly open, someone shouts, "And they're off!" and the well-trained animals bolt out onto the track, a blur of beast and soiled, gray numbers. The overflow crowd goes berserk as the racers gallop down the opening straightaway, nimbly jump a pair of hurdles along the backstretch, and jostle for position along the final turn.

Just another day at the races. Except, of course, it's pigs.

The daily series of pig races—featuring two heats of piglet quartets dashing around a 150-foot sawdust track four times daily—was by far the most popular attraction of the entire Expo. To get the competitors properly prepared for each race, a handler rattled their cages; an Oreo waited at the finish line as incentive for straggling swine. Unfortunately, by the Expo's third day, the little porkers appeared to be pooped—most had slowed to a brisk walk before they languidly stepped over the hurdles. The audience, most members of which didn't look ready

(continued on page 68)

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The Loyal Flush

If you lived in the past, as many people did, the first thing you learned was loyalty. You know, rescuing Dad from THE COLLAPSED MINE SHAFT EVEN THOUGH HE BEAT YOU WITH THE DIPSTICK from stabbing each other in the back have disappeared like cannoli at an Italian wedding. By Jamie Malanowski



Students of morality in ancient times read Plato and Aristotle. Students of morality today read Mario Puzo. Late in *The Godfather*, Puzo's seminal work, the new don, Michael Corleone, sits by his father's grave, accepting the condolences of his father's colleagues and employees, and even those of the men who had for many years been his rivals in the olive oil importing industry. One of the late don's longtime associates, Tessio, offers to set up a meeting between Michael and his principal adversary, Don Barzini. This is, of course, a trap—the late don had warned Michael that whoever tried to get him together with the murderous Barzini was, in fact, betraying him. And now Michael knows that Tessio has sold him out.

Michael, pretending to be gulled, agrees to Tessio's suggestion. It is at that point that Michael's consigliere, Tom Hagen, who is hep to what's happening, leans over and whispers, "I always thought it would be Clemenza." (You know, the fat one, not the one who went on to play Fish in *Barney Miller*.)

Michael shakes his head. "It was the smart move," he says. "Tessio was always smarter."

...M HIS MODEL-T. SADLY, THOUGH, THE DAYS WHEN PEOPLE USED TO REFRAIN

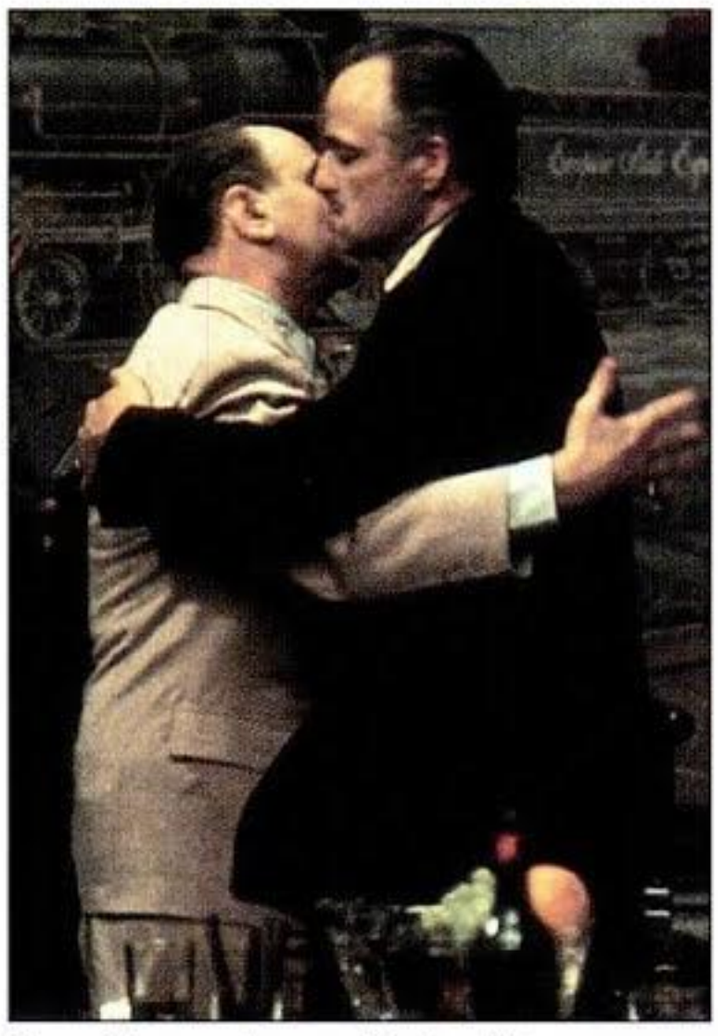
One way to view how greatly the country has changed since the Cosa Nostra forties is to consider how few people in public life make any effort to honor the tenets of the Boy Scout Code anymore. Now, clearly we weren't literally a nation of Boy Scouts in the post–World War II era—former secretary of state John Foster Dulles may have been many things, but a resourceful, fire-igniting-by-rubbing-two-sticks-together do-gooder he wasn't. But we were a people who, as it says in the Boy Scout handbook, strived to be "trustworthy, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent, and loyal" (picture Dwight Eisenhower, Gregory Peck, Hugh Beaumont, Frankie Avalon, and Dick Clark, for example), or at least wanted other people to think we were. It wasn't until the seventies that Roy Cohn realized that what people *really* wanted in a lawyer was someone who was thoroughly unprincipled; back in the fifties, he still felt obliged to hide his scum-sucking under a cloak of respectability. So intent was Richard Nixon on making people believe that he was trustworthy enough to run on Ike's ticket that he went on television and, doused in sweat, prostrated himself and his wife and even his stupid dog. Even guys who were demonstrably not in tune with the rest of the band—Lenny Bruce, James Dean, Truman Capote, Malcolm X—at least knew how to put on a tie. You might not have been Eagle Scout material, but you could always be well groomed.

Today, behaving in accordance with the virtues of the Boy Scouts is much less important to those in public life. The president of the United States, for example, feels little need to seem trustworthy. He lies and dissembles routinely, though the Filegate affair proved that he *can* avoid lying, but only if he doesn't talk. Neither the speaker of the House of Representatives nor any of his freshman myrmidons feels overly motivated to continue the government's half century's worth of helpfulness to the aged, indigent, and ill. Republican presidential nominee Bob Dole doesn't see any need to be cheerful, Albert Belle of the Cleveland Indians doesn't care to be friendly, and Mickey Rourke feels no obligation to be clean. The winning bidders in the Jackie O. garage sale couldn't very easily be called thrifty—consider the more than half a million dollars they spent on a humidor that was given to JFK by another historically significant figure, Milton Berle—but at least they didn't squander a bundle on a vanity presidential candidacy the way wacko millionaire Steve Forbes did. Reverence, of course, has been left in the hands of Pat Robertson and Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman. We could go on.

But though all of these virtues have been neglected of late, perhaps none has taken quite so harsh a drubbing as loyalty. Loyalty has been a bedrock American virtue, imprinted in our national mythology by the dedicated patriots at Valley Forge as they left their bloody footprints in the snow. And disloyalty was always severely punished. Benedict Arnold's name has endured as an epithet. The Rosenbergs were executed. Nelson Rockefeller lost all hope for the presidency after he ditched his first wife. Los Angeles Dodgers owner Walter O'Malley is still cursed in Brooklyn. The guy in any movie who said "Hey, I'm lookin' out for Number One!" was never the guy who got the girl. You wouldn't want to be called a Quisling, would you? Disloyalty, we all agreed, was bad. Loyalty, we all professed, was what got us through hard times.

Now almost nobody is loyal anymore, and almost nobody cares to pretend to be. True, certain minimal displays of loyalty—showing up for work during a snow storm; sending a Christmas card to a former colleague who was jailed for insider trading violations; still arguing that Mario Cuomo would have made a good president; remaining married to that person to whom you've been married for the last, if you can believe it, decade—are regarded as being somewhere between a

Stuck in a go-nowhere marriage with a cold and SELF-CENTERED TWIT, PRINCESS DIANA WANTED TO DO SOMETHING TO BRING a little vim into her life. Screwing the used-car salesman didn't do it.



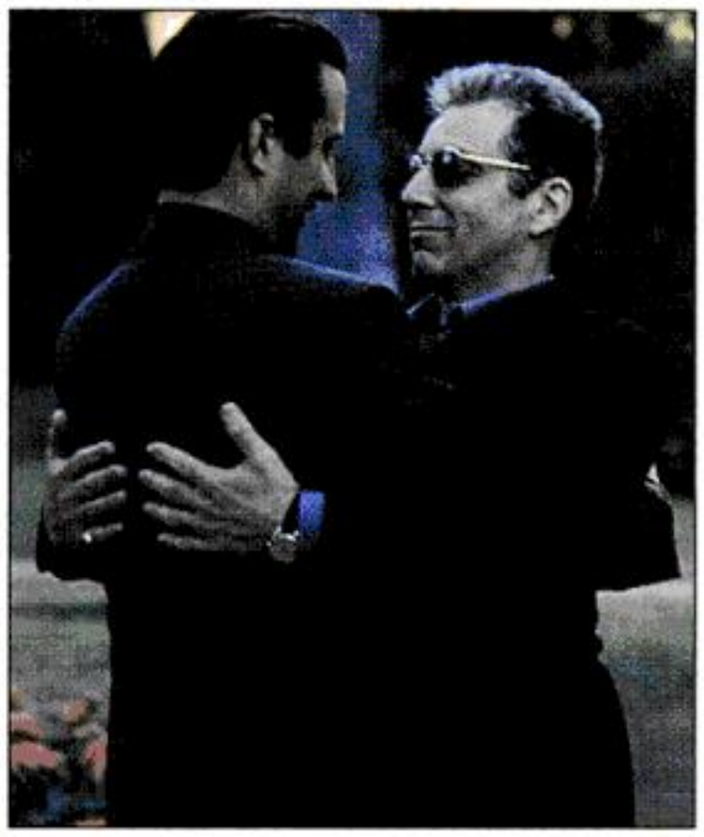
Sometimes, when you're loyal to a guy, you have to hug him—even if you suspect he may have cotton balls in his mouth.

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harmless lifestyle choice and anachronistically admirable. Any more fervent displays of loyalty, however, are considered behavior for which one needs an excuse. "Sure, it's a little harder to get product for Beta, but Bob thinks the quality's worth it." "Sure, it seems unlikely that we'll ever give up our machines, but Ted thinks if he can just blow up enough corporate executives, they'll take the hint."

Disloyalty, as Michael Corleone observed, is "the smart move." And in 1996, what almost every American wants more desperately than anything else is to make the smart move. And so, from the corporate executives, who pink-slip workers in order to earn bonuses for improving the bottom line, to Pittsburgh Steeler coach Bill Cowher, who dumped his offensive coordinator within 72 hours of the Super Bowl, to David Letterman, who chucked his executive producer in an effort to offset a ratings slump, to Pat Riley, who quit the New York Knicks and signed with the Miami Heat even though he had a year left on his contract, to Julia Roberts, who left Lyle in the lurch, from the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters, Americans are shucking like so many threadbare socks the spouses, the friends, the colleagues, the institutions, and the virtues that once provided the architecture of their lives, all in the hopes of making the smart move.

Being loyal to your lined and lumpy wife of 30 YEARS NOW THAT YOU'VE MADE YOUR PILE IS DUMB, ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE is that pneumatic blonde in public relations who thinks you're so funny.



It's hard to trust a man with shades on enough to let him hug you. But if you're loyal, that's *exactly* what you'll do.

Art Modell wanted to make the smart move, and being loyal to his customers wasn't it. For 30 years the people of Cleveland supported his Browns with boisterous dedication, even though the football team played in miserable weather in a crappy stadium and hadn't been in a championship game since 1964. But Modell was strapped, and because the prospects of a big governmental bailout looked bleak, he shivved all those rabid dog-mask-wearing Browns fans, moved the team to Baltimore (which apparently grew comfortable with treachery after the owner of the Colts stole them away), and changed the name of the team to the Ravens. Sadly, this meant that Cleveland lost its NFL team, but what did Modell care? The Maryland state government promised to build him a new stadium that would enrich him in the tens of millions. It was clearly the smart move.

Aldrich Ames wanted to make the smart move, and being loyal to his country wasn't it. Twenty-three years in the CIA left him with an unspectacular career, a drinking problem, a pile of debts, and a second wife whom he wanted to impress. His job gave him access to a lot of internal information that he thought might interest the Soviets. He was right, and over the course of the next decade, they paid him several million dollars. Sadly, as many as a dozen Soviets who were CIA sources were executed as a result, but Ames was able to buy a Jaguar and a $545,000 house. It was, if only in the short run, the smart move.

Sammy "the Bull" Gravano wanted to make the smart move, and being loyal to his oath of *omerta* wasn't it. He had enjoyed being John Gotti's right-hand man, but now both he and Gotti had been indicted, and this time the feds seemed serious. Gotti was full of brainstorms that would get them out of this mess: get a rope so they could rappel down 11 stories of New York's federal Metropolitan Correction Center and gather together $5 million to buy a pardon from President Bush. Gravano opted for the easier way out: blabbing on his boss. Sadly, this meant that John and Sammy wouldn't be going to the Marion, Illinois, maximum-security facility together, where they would have had the adventure of their lives, proving themselves to be the hardest guys in the joint. On the other hand, Sammy is now situated in a locale where he can make the personal acquaintance of a woman. It was the smart move.

Diana, the princess of Wales, wanted to make the smart move, and being loyal to the monarchy wasn't it. Stuck in a go-nowhere marriage with a cold and self-centered twit, she wanted to do something to bring a little vim into her life. Screwing the used-car salesman didn't do it. Screwing the glorified stable boy wasn't any better

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(especially when he, looking to make his own smart move, spilled his guts for a kiss-and-tell biography of the princess). The bulimia and the tossing herself down the stairs seemed better in the abstract than in the doing. So she decided to give a televised interview to confess to her infidelities and imbalances and to accuse the prince of being an unfaithful liar. By doing so, she threatened to bring down an institution that no foreign army—from the Spanish armada to the Luftwaffe—could do in. In the end, of course, she got her freedom, even though it cost her her title and left her

Shaquille O'Neal dumped the Orlando Magic in ORDER TO TAKE A $125 MILLION OFFER FROM THE LAKERS. O'NEAL LATER informed his former employers by leaving a message on their voice mail.

with $30 million, which is a paltry amount compared to the virtually unlimited expense account she once enjoyed. But she humiliated the man who will be king, so it must have been the smart move.

Joe Klein wanted to make the smart move, and being loyal to his profession wasn't it. Having written a novel that was chiefly distinguished for its barely disguised, scaldingly unflattering portraits of many powerful people—people he still needed access to in order to continue his job as a political writer—he faced an unpalatable choice: tone down the portraits, thus depriving his otherwise pedestrian novel of its single marketable attribute, or jeopardize the access. He hit upon a marketing brainstorm: call himself Anonymous. But when asked by other journalists if Anonymous was he, he faced another dilemma: tell the truth, blowing both the marketing gimmick and the high-level access, or lie? He chose to lie, thus



Nobody has a greater capacity for loyalty than a man who's unusually short. You can trust him as far as you can throw him.

betraying the whole journalistic profession, whose very existence is predicated on the idea that when a journalist asks a person a question, the person is pretty much obligated to answer with something short of an outright lie. In the end, of course, he made about $6 million, and Hollywood stars want to be in his movie, so it was the smart move.

Michael Eisner wanted to make the smart move, and being loyal to anybody wasn't it. He wanted some new blood to head up programming at Disney's newly acquired ABC. He approached Jamie Tarses of NBC about coming over and replacing ABC's incumbent chief of entertainment, Ted Harbert—hey, why be loyal to him? Although she was under contract, she was willing to move—how dumb would it be to be remain loyal to some stupid contract?—but NBC wouldn't let her go, even after somebody (purportedly Mike Ovitz) spread the rumor (which she denied) that she had been sexually harassed by her boss. Once her contract expired, she was in fact hired at ABC, not to replace Harbert but to work with him. But having made that arrangement, Eisner asked the producers Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner to take over ABC's entertainment division. All of these moves must have seemed smart to Eisner at the time.

So some of the best-known, most fortunate, most accomplished people in the world think that loyalty is dumb. Of course, most of us have realized on our own that loyalty is dumb—we've been practicing it at home, with our families. Being loyal to your lined and lumpy wife of 30 years now that you've made your pile is dumb, especially when there is that pneumatic blonde in public relations who seems to think you're so "brilliant" and "funny." Being loyal to your awkward, immature, chowder-headed husband is also dumb, especially if revealing your most intimate secrets could get you on *Jenny Jones.*

Is there no one in America who is loyal? Sure, lots of people are, although even among them, the die-hard spirit isn't what it used to be. In the old days, the loyalty banner was upheld by patriots like Nathan Hale, who stuck his head in a noose and said, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country"; or by the 180 or so Texans at the Alamo, who stayed at their posts knowing they would face certain death, even after being told they would face no shame if they left (it will come as little surprise that the one fellow who left was a Frenchman); or by that little juvenile delinquent at Boys' Town who said, "He ain't heavy, Father, he's my brother"; or by Jackie Robinson, who, after having been traded to the New York Giants, retired rather than wear any uniform other than Dodger blue. These were people who practiced loyalty with style.

These days, however, loyalty tends to be a bit icky.

Oliver North was loyal to the contras. Even though this caused him to

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break the oath he had taken as a Marine Corps officer to defend the Constitution. The people of Washington, D.C., were loyal. They reelected Marion Barry. That worked well. Bob Dole is loyal. Bob Dole took the tobacco companies's money and now, by God, Bob Dole is going to stay bought. Bill Clinton is loyal. Not to old friends like, say, Lani Guinier. No, he is loyal to himself, and to doing whatever it takes to get reelected, even if it means running on issues like the V-chip and uniforms in public schools. Ross Perot is loyal. He still wants to bring home the POWs. He is, unfortunately, a loon.

In every field of endeavor, one will find both the loyal and the disloyal standing side by side. In athletics, one finds a Bryant Stith, who turned down a $25 million offer from the Pistons in order to sign a $22 million contract with the Denver Nuggets, saying, "I really wanted to play for Denver from my heart. This team gave me my start. I'm the captain here"; as well as a Shaquille O'Neal, who dumped the Orlando Magic in order to take a $125 million offer from the Lakers, and who then said, "It's not about the money." O'Neal informed his employers of four years of his decision to quit the team by leaving a message on their voice mail. In business, one finds the Warnaco Group, which announced plans to sell or shut down the 159-year-old Hathaway shirt factory, even after factory workers had doubled their productivity. Ironically, Warnaco CEO Linda Wachner had earlier promised to keep the factory open if the mostly female staff would—you guessed it—increase their productivity. Contrast that with Malden Mills, whose owner paid people even after the plant burned down.

In the O.J. trial, one finds—well, let's look at what we find. There's nothing quite like the O.J. trial for providing the full spectrum of loyalty styles available to the modern moralist. After all, there were people involved with the trial who were loyal. Robert Kardashian was loyal to O.J. We still don't know what he did with that bag. A. C. Cowlings was loyal to O.J. He said that the $10,000 in the Bronco was his. And Kato Kaelin was loyal to O.J. His display of fealty, when considered with his long blond hair and his ability to watch a house, allowed Kato to become what geneticists had once thought impossible—a human golden retriever.

On the other hand, Alan Dershowitz wasn't loyal to O.J. In a blatant bit of self-promotion, he raced to publish a book that condemned Simpson for the absurdity of his defense. Vincent Bugliosi wasn't loyal to the brotherhood of district attorneys to which he once belonged. His loud Monday-morning quarterbacking of the obvious was mere opportunism; we didn't need him to point out that a couple of journeymen prosecutors blew an open-and-shut case. Robert Shapiro certainly wasn't loyal. As quickly as he could claim credit for being "the architect of the defense," he told Barbara Walters that he disagreed with Johnnie Cochran's use of the race card, thus quickly putting some distance between him and his colleagues in an attempt to preserve however much of his Beverly Hills DWI and celebrity pot-possession practice as he had left. Afterward, he leaped to testify against former friend and present nemesis F. Lee Bailey, the godfather of Shapiro's son, in a case that ended with Bailey going off to jail.

O.J., it goes without saying, is loyal. He's still out there looking for Nicole's real killers. Evidently, one of his advisers told him that doing the Macarena and swilling mai-tais is a surefire way of flushing criminals out of hiding.

At the end of *The Godfather,* there comes the moment when Michael, as he puts it, "settles all family business." The treacherous Tessio, still thinking that he is about to lead an unsuspecting Michael to the slaughter, suddenly finds himself surrounded by a bunch of goons. He quickly realizes that it is now his turn to make a visit to New Jersey and sleep with the fishes. "Tell Mike it was only business," he says to Tom Hagen. "I always liked him."

When we tell the kids why we've sacked Miss Fenster from the secretarial pool, we hear ourselves saying, "Tell them we always liked her." And tell the fans we left in Cleveland and the moles that were strung up by the KGB and all those laid-off workers who had to cancel Christmas that it was only business, nothing personal.

"He understands that," Hagen says flatly.

"Tom," says Tessio, the enormity of his mistake sinking in, "can you get me off the hook? For old times's sake?"

Because in the old times, we stuck by each other. We were proud of working for the company, and of the ways the company supported the hospital drive and the Y. We respected the president and thought our congressman worked for our benefit. And Mom was always there and Dad always came home, and on Sunday we went out to the stadium to root for our team, and we thought—we knew—we could always count on each other.

Hagen shakes his head. "Can't do it," the consigliere says coldly. Smart move.



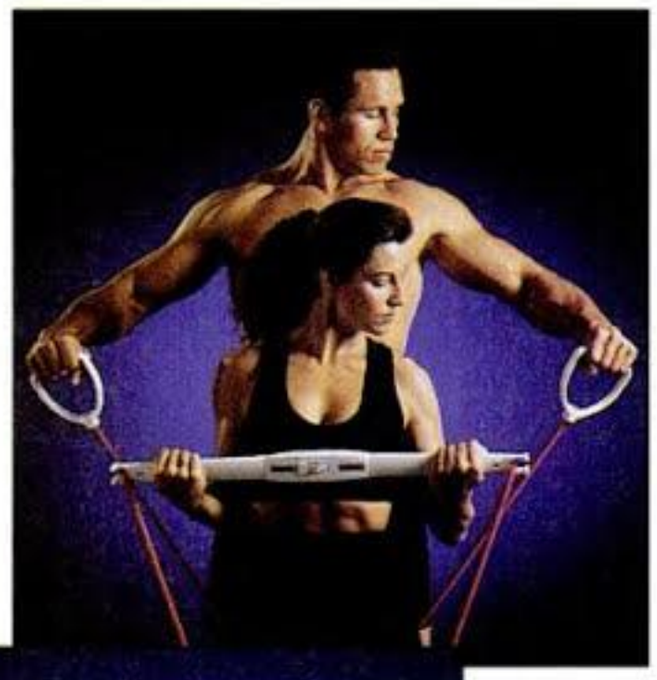
A man who, for as long as you have known him, has always kept his hands in his pockets is not to be trusted. Betrayal, when it comes, can be a real slap in the face.

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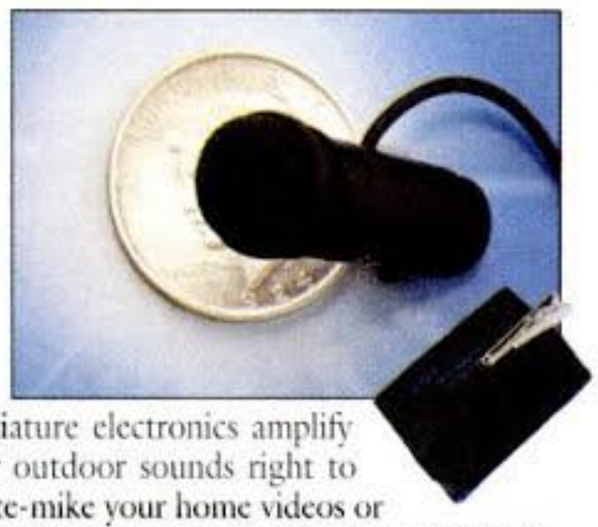




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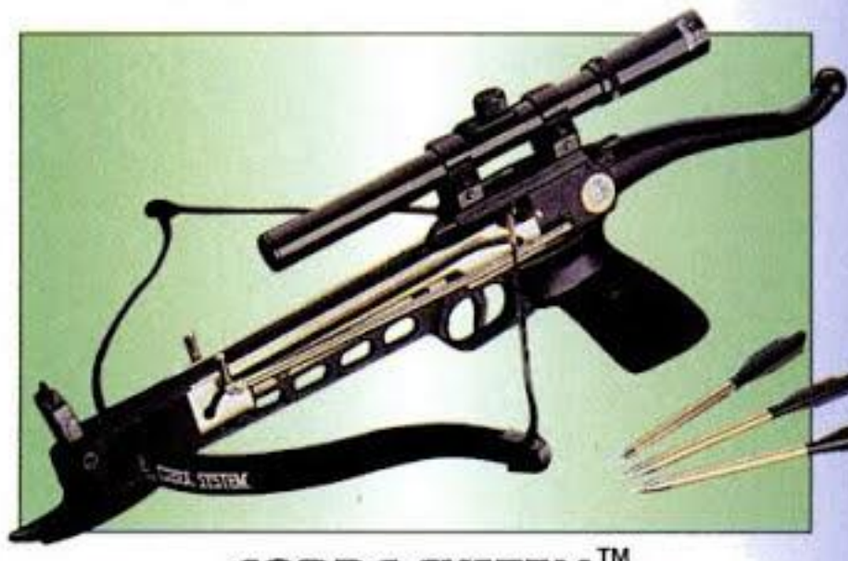
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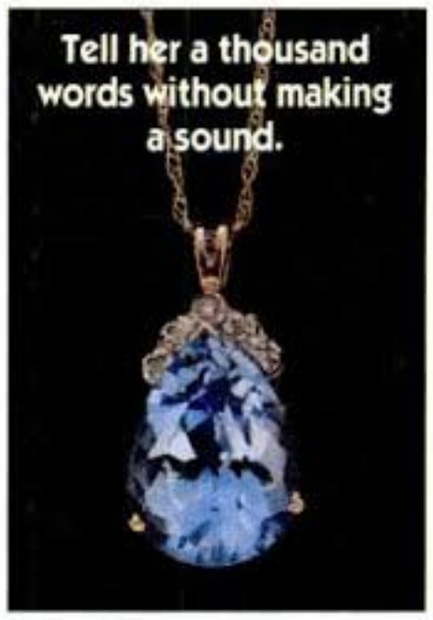
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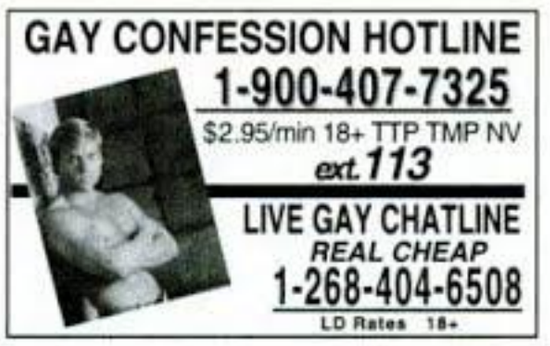
















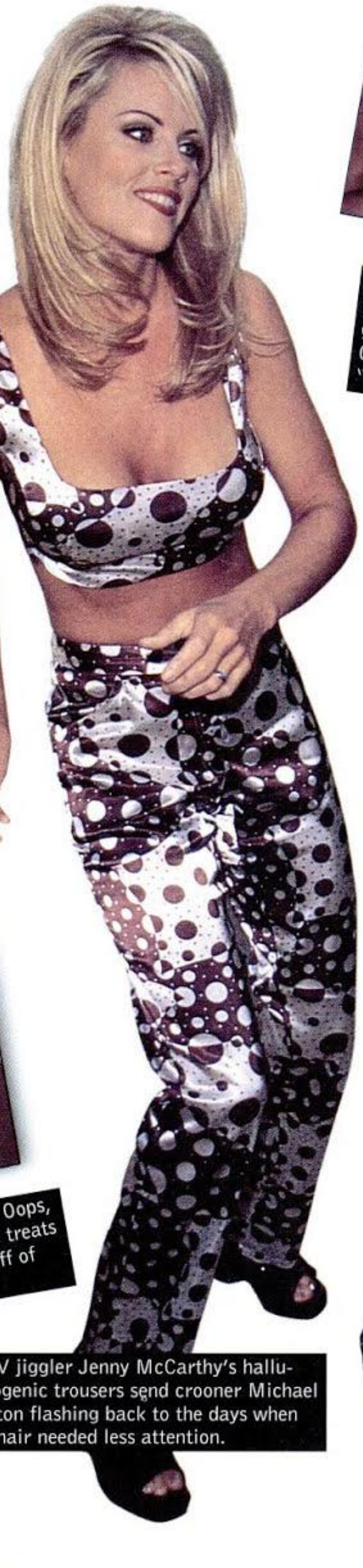
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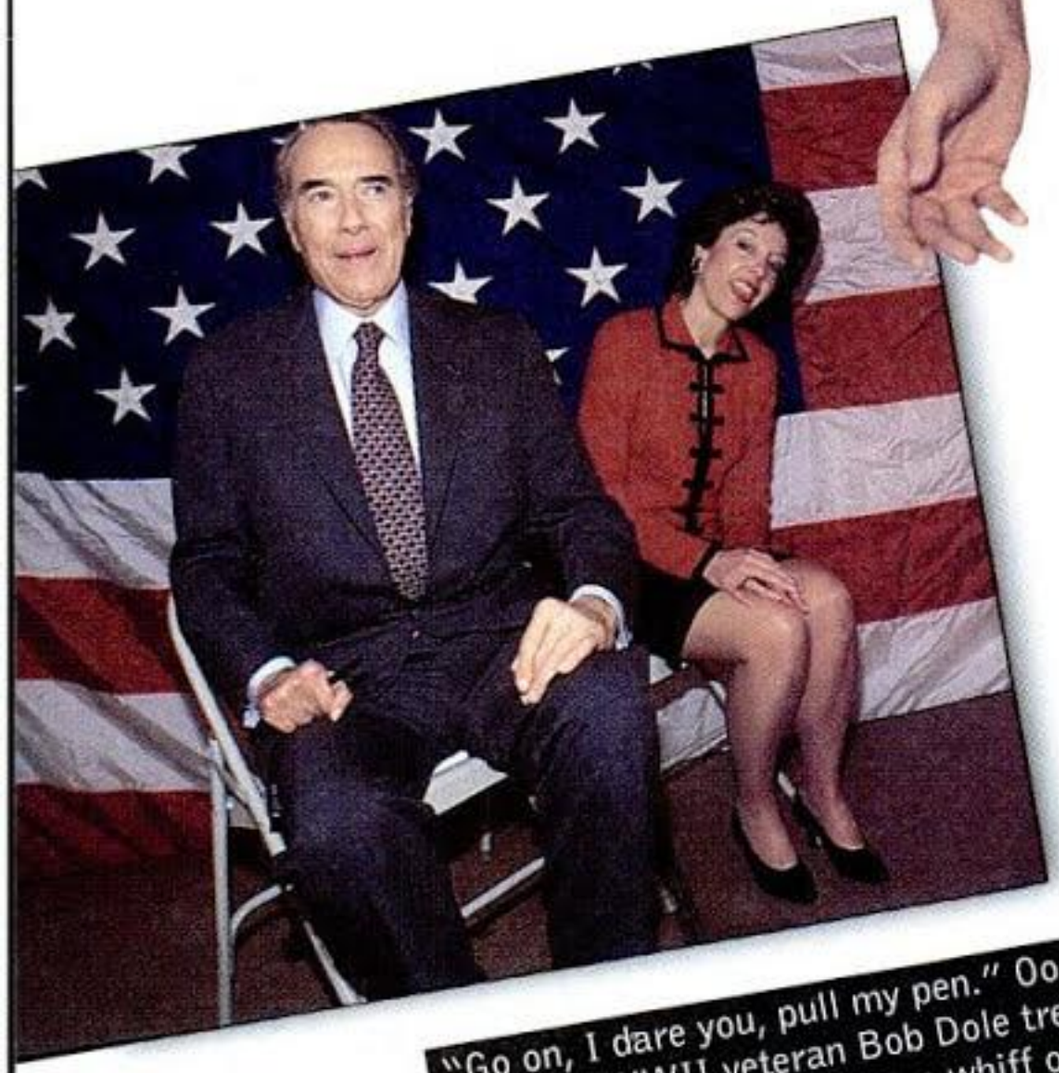




In preparation for the SPY-sponsored Pukefest '96—a "cool" alternative music gathering—creepy Frenchman Jean Paul Gaultier gives model Iman some tips on "wearing your lunch." How chic!



"...and we'll give her the *left* one when she's ready to date!" Marla Trump and Morgan Fairchild welcome Baby Tiffany to the sisterhood of the Über Bimbo.



"Go on, I dare you, pull my pen." Oops, too late! WWII veteran Bob Dole treats one of his young staffers to a whiff of the ol' mustard gas.



MTV jiggler Jenny McCarthy's hallucinogenic trousers send crooner Michael Bolton flashing back to the days when his hair needed less attention.

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(continued from page 54)

Inseminator: Dave Pratt, Pittsfield, Maine

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: Seafood dinner and a bubble bath.

Sloppy Seconds: "I get in a lot of trouble with my wife for not being romantic enough."

Inseminator: Dawnalyn Ransom, Granville, Maine

Preferred Customers: Horses

Romantic Evening: "I put the kids to bed and watch a Western movie or a rodeo."

Sloppy Seconds: "My husband comes home, I greet him and he says, 'You make my eyes water.' We're clean and all, but you definitely still get the aroma."

Inseminator: Renee Golenz, Davis, California

Preferred Customers: Horses

Romantic Evening: "Filling up a bath with bubbly, soapy stuff; being with a person you love; zillions of candles around you in the dark."

Sloppy Seconds: "Every stallion I work with, I know personally, so I get the job done."

Inseminator: Matt Kieler, Hazel Green, Wisconsin

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: "Usually the first thing I do is take a shower."

Sloppy Seconds: He breeds 25–30 cows a day. "It's sort of fun. The farmers call you, you visit a little, do the process, and visit a little more. It's like you're a bartender."

Inseminator: Chet Selfridge, Reedsville, Pennsylvania

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: "We have kids in high school. We have no life."

Sloppy Seconds: "An Amish man once asked if I had equipment for breeding basset hounds. He wanted to suck up the semen in a straw and blow it into the (female) dog with his mouth. I asked if he wanted a syringe, and he said, 'Why would I want a syringe?' "

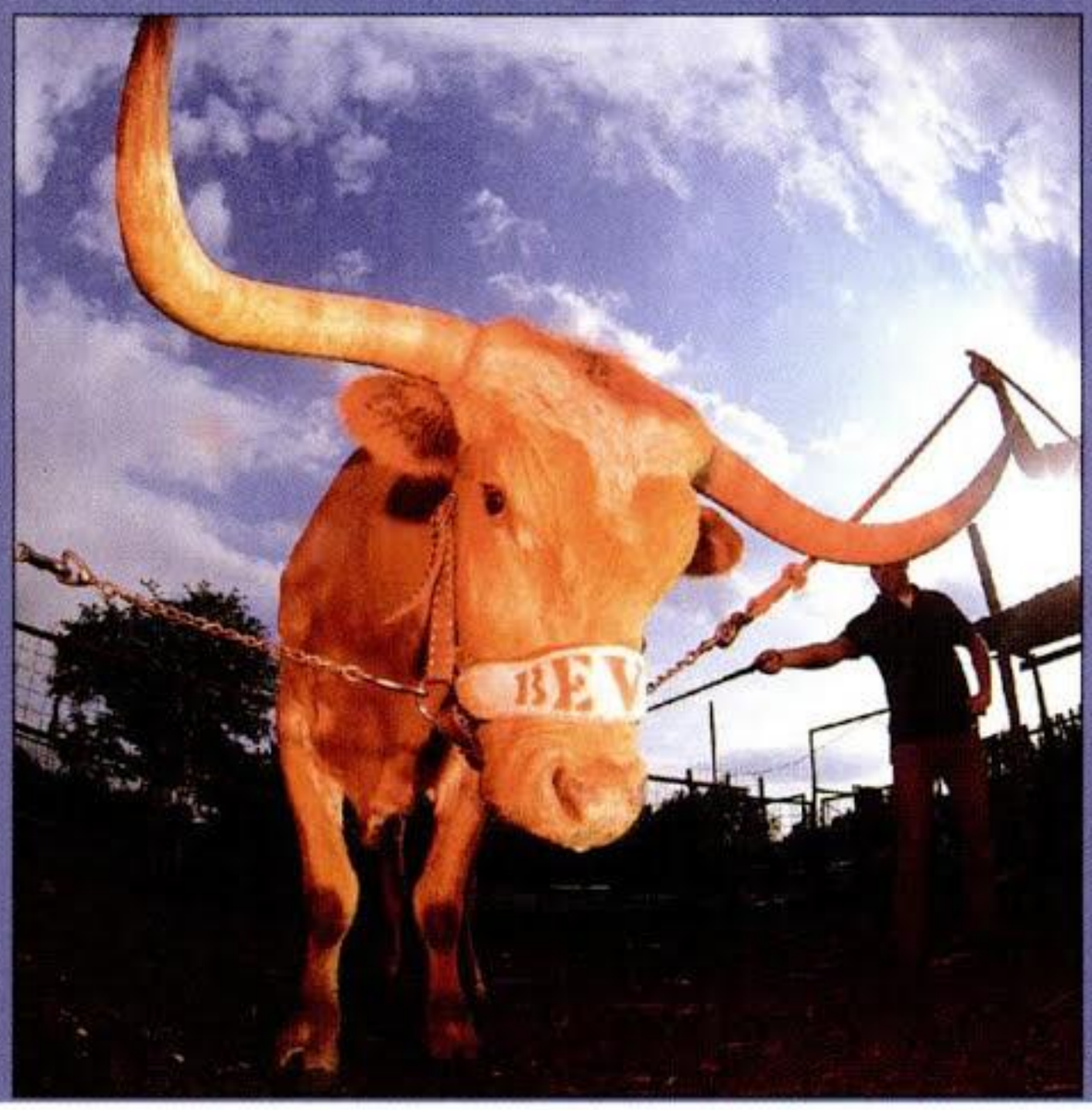
Inseminator: Dan Mabbett, Mohawk, New York

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: Likes to be with family and relax. "Wednesday night is bowling night."

Sloppy Seconds: "Every so often a foot will come up in the air, so you've got to be on alert."

Inseminator: Don Dorr, Norridgewock, Maine



Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: "Candlelit dinner, soft music, a hot tub, and it goes on from there."

Sloppy Seconds: "My perfect romantic evening has nothing to do with cows."

Inseminator: John Rheam, Belleville, Pennsylvania

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: "We pitch horseshoes."

Sloppy Seconds: He used to inseminate goats, "but you'd have to hold them upside down for 10 minutes afterwards."

Inseminator: Peter Burtch, Woodstock, Vermont

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: "Right now I'm cleaning out the kitty litter box."

Sloppy Seconds: "(For the procedure), one farmer would always tie his cow to a tractor right next to the highway. Traffic would slow down as people would take a look at what I was doing."

Inseminator: Jim Anderson, Springville, New York

Preferred Customers: Cows

Romantic Evening: Dinner, theater, spending the night at a hotel.

Sloppy Seconds: "Cows can be done en masse because they're a docile animal."

—David Potorti

(continued from page 55)

for anything more aerobic than a brisk walk themselves, didn't seem to mind. Perhaps they, too, were hypnotized by the black-and-white cookie.

Porktrait of the Artist

The work of our neo-piggist painter, C. Arthur Croyle, was among 77 paintings, sculptures, and photographs of pigs playing, pigs sleeping, pigs nuzzling, pigs bathing, pigs nursing, pigs eating, pigs just sitting there, and the very occasional abstract pig in the Expo's PigCasso art exhibit. Despite taking the bronze in the art competition, Croyle appears to have mixed feelings about pigs. He began by describing them as "endearing," but this soon gave way to assessments like "horrendous" and "loathsome." His gripe? "Well, they stink to high heaven," he explained. "They're not very private about their bodily functions."

Eyes on the Sties

"These people at the Pork Expo," pig-race emcee John Capobianco explained, "they know pigs!" Indeed, judging by some of the girths on display, many had been getting to know pigs on a rather intense and frequent basis.

Which leads us, of course, to the raison d'être of the pork industry: eating lots of pork. Admission to the Expo entitled attendees to a free pork-based meal, some of which was prepared at the aptly named Truckload-O-Pork, a 48-foot-long smoker grill mounted onto the back of an 18-wheeler. All told, 80,000 free servings were handed out, which, given the Expo's attendance figure of 53,000, means a lot of people were eating like pi—uh, going back for seconds. These meals were served in an unkempt little corner of the fairgrounds that bore a disturbing resemblance to a holding pen, where restless pork fans waited on 15-minute lines like pigs queueing up for the slaughter.

The results of such feeding frenzies, whether the chow was doled out for free or purchased from a vendor like the popular Pork Avenue Cafe, were always the same: dozens of barely sated pork patrons ambling down the fairgrounds' main drag with mahogany barbecue sauce smeared on their fleshy lips, cheeks, and T-shirts. By the close of the Expo's third and final day, the similarities to Orwell's *Animal Farm* were impossible to ignore: It had become difficult to tell the humans from the pigs.

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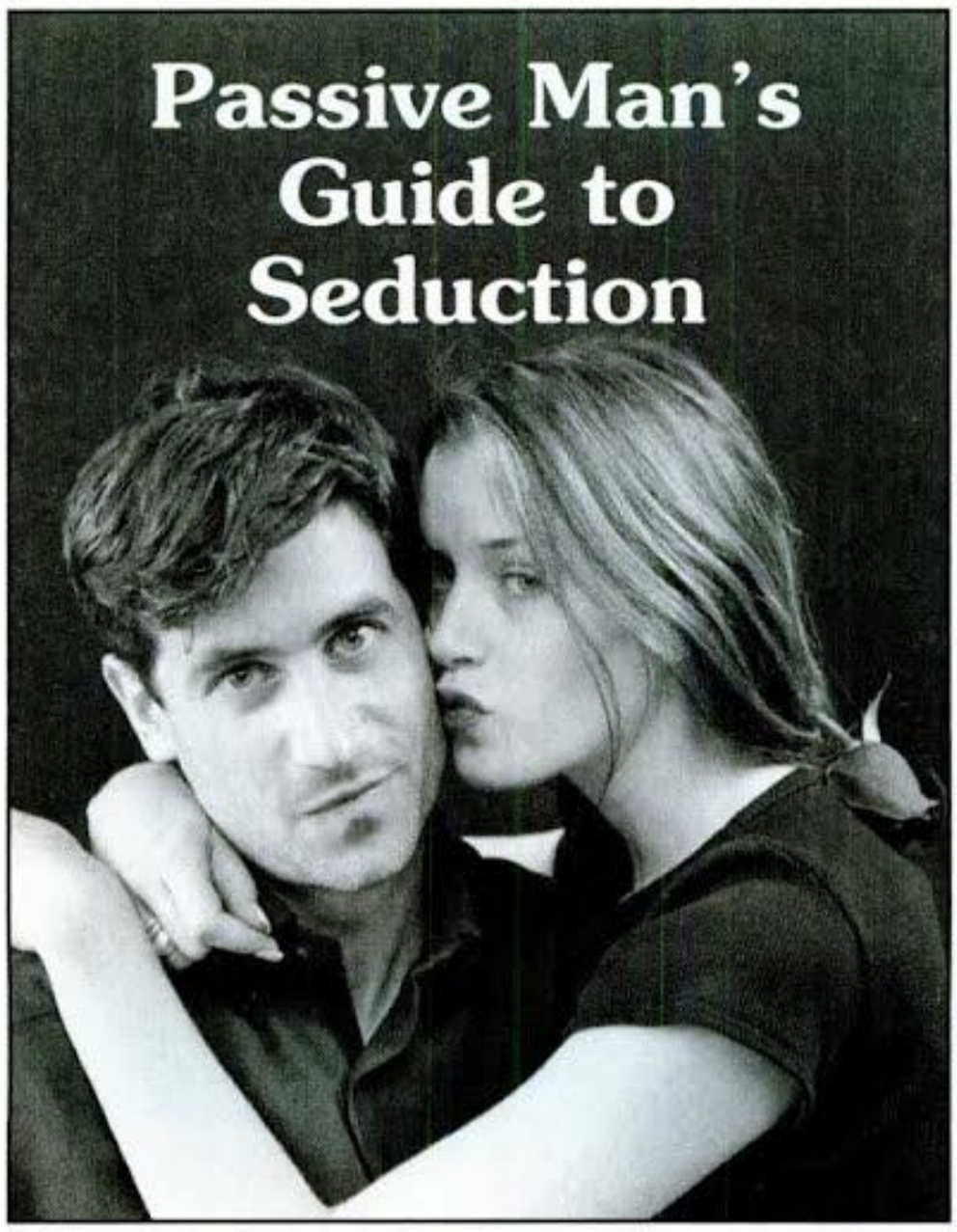
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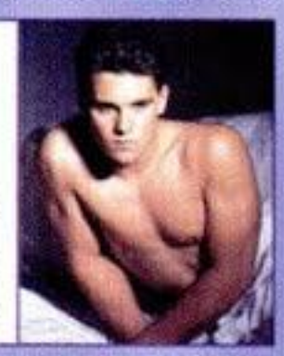
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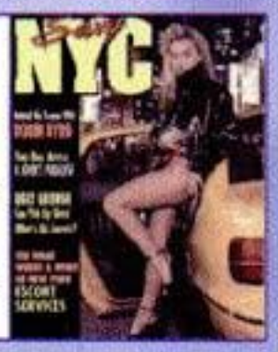
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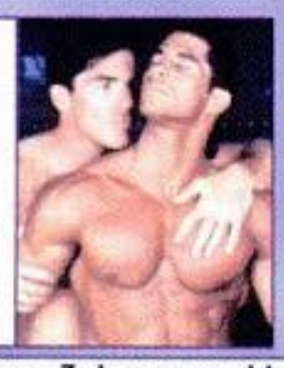
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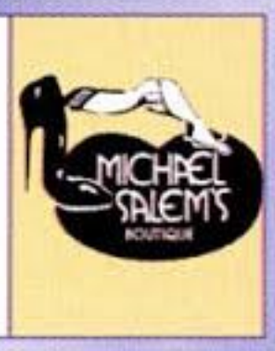
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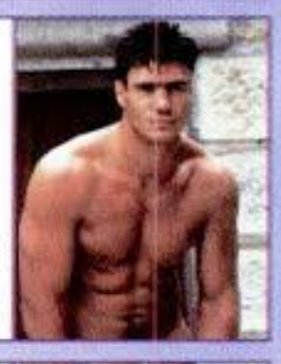
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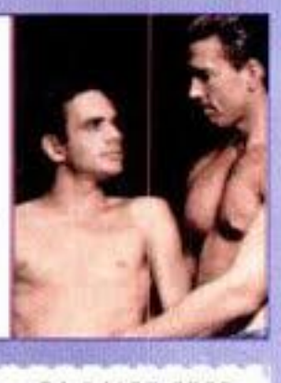
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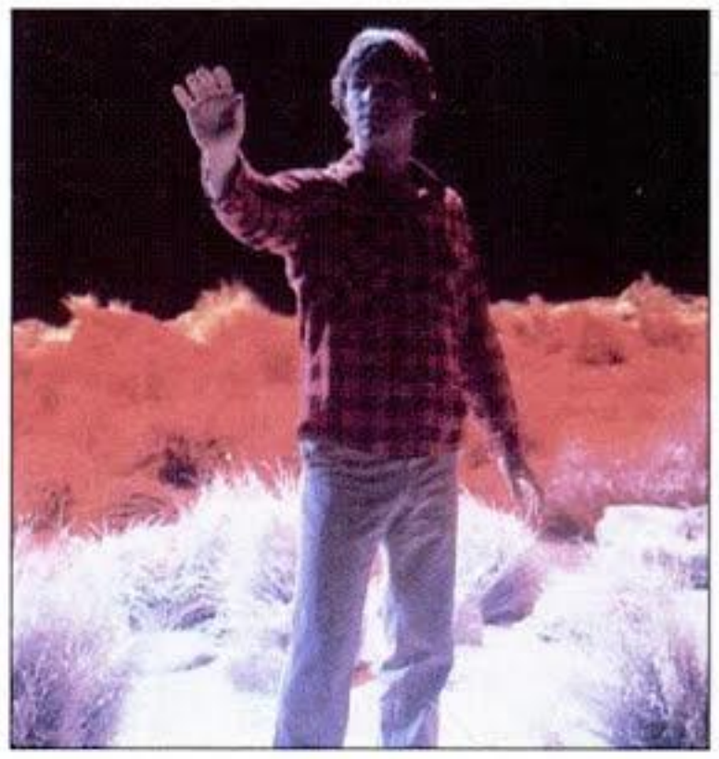
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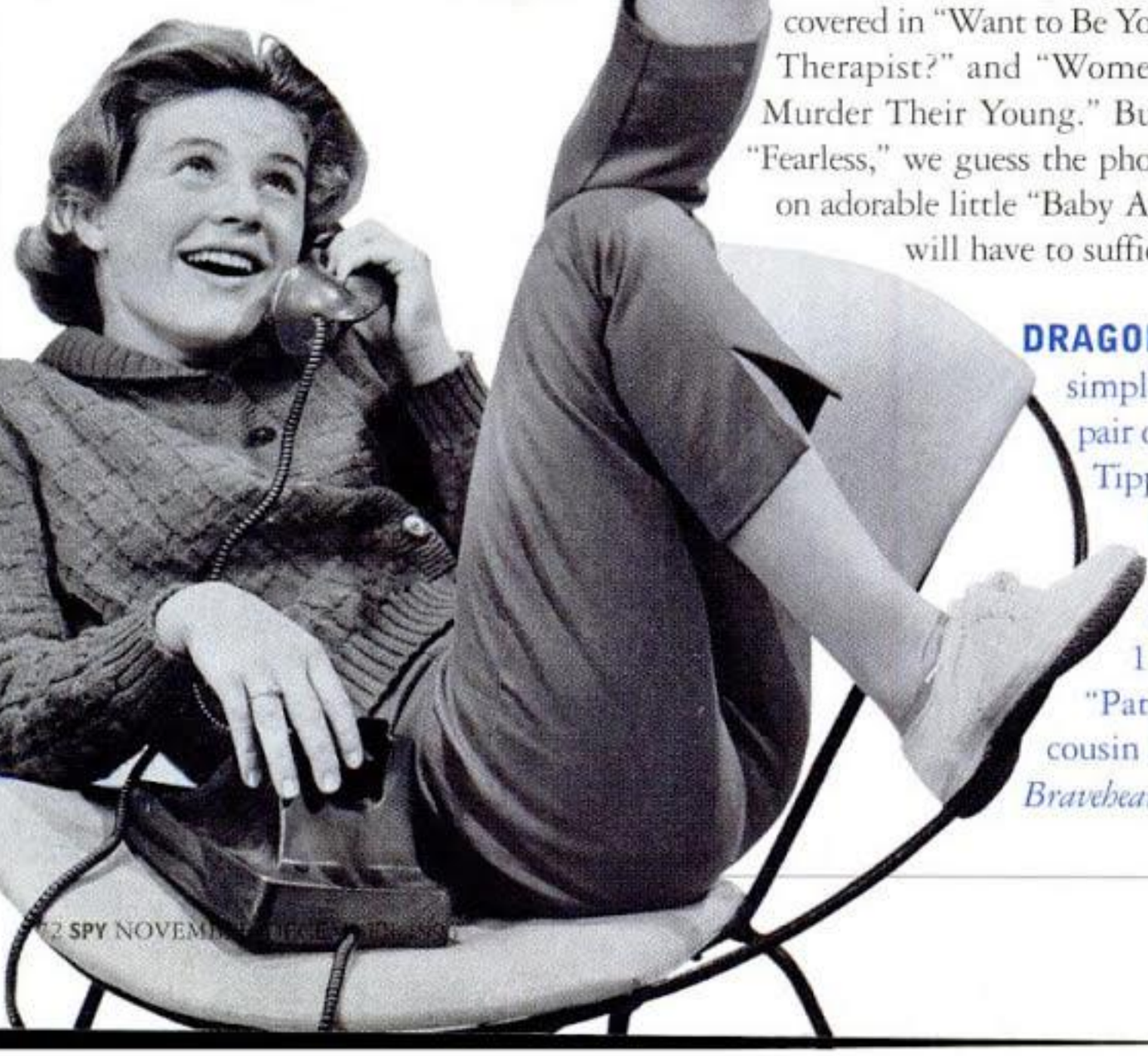
BRIDGES WALKING ON TROUBLED WATERS: And you thought that guy from Nazareth had a Jesus complex. **Jeff Bridges** has starred in at least four films in which he exhibits a Christ-like ability to cure people with the touch of his hands: In *TRON* he heals some expiring babe who houses a plot-complicating computer program; in *Starman* he brings a dead deer back to life; in *Fearless* he brings a huge-breasted Hispanic woman (**Rosie Perez**) out of her post-plane-crash state of shock; and in *The Fisher King* he hands a comatose **Robin Williams** a bowling trophy and miraculously brings him back to consciousness. In a related story, archaeologists have discovered that Jesus had a fatter, less talented elder brother named Beausephus.

THE GOOD SUM: The custody battle for Jacko pal **Macaulay Culkin** has recently become so fierce that the single-pubed thespian has hung up his acting robe. At the ripe old age of 16, the Mac daddy has amassed a modest fortune of $17 million. We calculated that this precocious punk has, to date, earned $2,910.96 per *day that he has been alive.* In other words, it would take one three-fingered Honduran boy—slaving away in an erstwhile **Kathie Lee** sweatshop—almost *26 years* to save up what Culkin clocks every 24 hours.



HOT BRATWURST ACTION: Next time you slip up and say a naughty word in the boardroom or at the dinner table, just tell 'em you were speaking *German,* featuring such classics as *fahrt* ("drive"), *schmuck* ("jewelry"), *dick* ("fat"), *dusche* ("shower"), and, ofcourse, *kunst* ("art"). Those dirty Krauts!

SEEING THE FOREHEAD FOR THE TREES: What is it about the devastation of the world's rain forests that strikes such a chord with men losing their hair? The more strands that **Sting, Michael Stipe,** Midnight Oil's **Peter Garrett,** and world's baldest man **Elton John** lose, the more they get worked up about the receding rain forests. Eco-baldie **James Taylor** has even allegedly penned a theme for next year's $1000-a-pate fund-raiser: "Fire and Rogaine."



CHEATIN' TARTS: SPY's marketing department received a backhanded compliment when our "Smart. Funny. Fearless." slogan was ripped off by *Cosmopolitan* in their new "Fun. Fearless. Female." campaign. "Female," sure, and using their August issue as a barometer, it seems they've got "fun" covered in "Want to Be Your Own Therapist?" and "Women Who Murder Their Young." But as for "Fearless," we guess the photo essay on adorable little "Baby Animals" will have to suffice.

HARVEST O' HEROIN: The axiom "A rolling stone gathers no moss" clearly defines the relationship between rock star and vegetation: They just don't jive, baby. But when it comes to rock stars and fruit that *grow on vines*, the combo can actually be fatal. **Smashing Pumpkins** keyboardist **Jonathan Melvoin** died this summer injecting heroin; **Red Hot Chili Pepper** guitarist **Hillel Slovak** did the same in 1988; and **Blind Melon** singer and smack dabbler **Shannon Hoon** OD'd last fall on—wait for it—cocaine! Too bad it wasn't *Cantaloupe* and **Tenille!**

DRAGON LADY: Patty Duke may have hoodwinked her simpleminded television family into thinking she was a pair of cousins, but her real pedigree is even more suspect. Tipped off by the last name of Imperial Wizard ***David Duke***, we ran a database search to see how many times "Patty Duke" and "Ku Klux Klan" appeared in the same news file. The disturbing frequency—11 matches—was even higher when we searched for "Patty Duke" and "KKK" and found 16 matches. If cousin Cathy weren't Scottish, and therefore likely to go *Braveheart* on our ass, we'd nail her, too!

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